

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 755



MAY 17, 1884

# THE GRAPHIC.

AN

## ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

## NEWSPAPER.



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LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE







# THE GEOGRAPHIC

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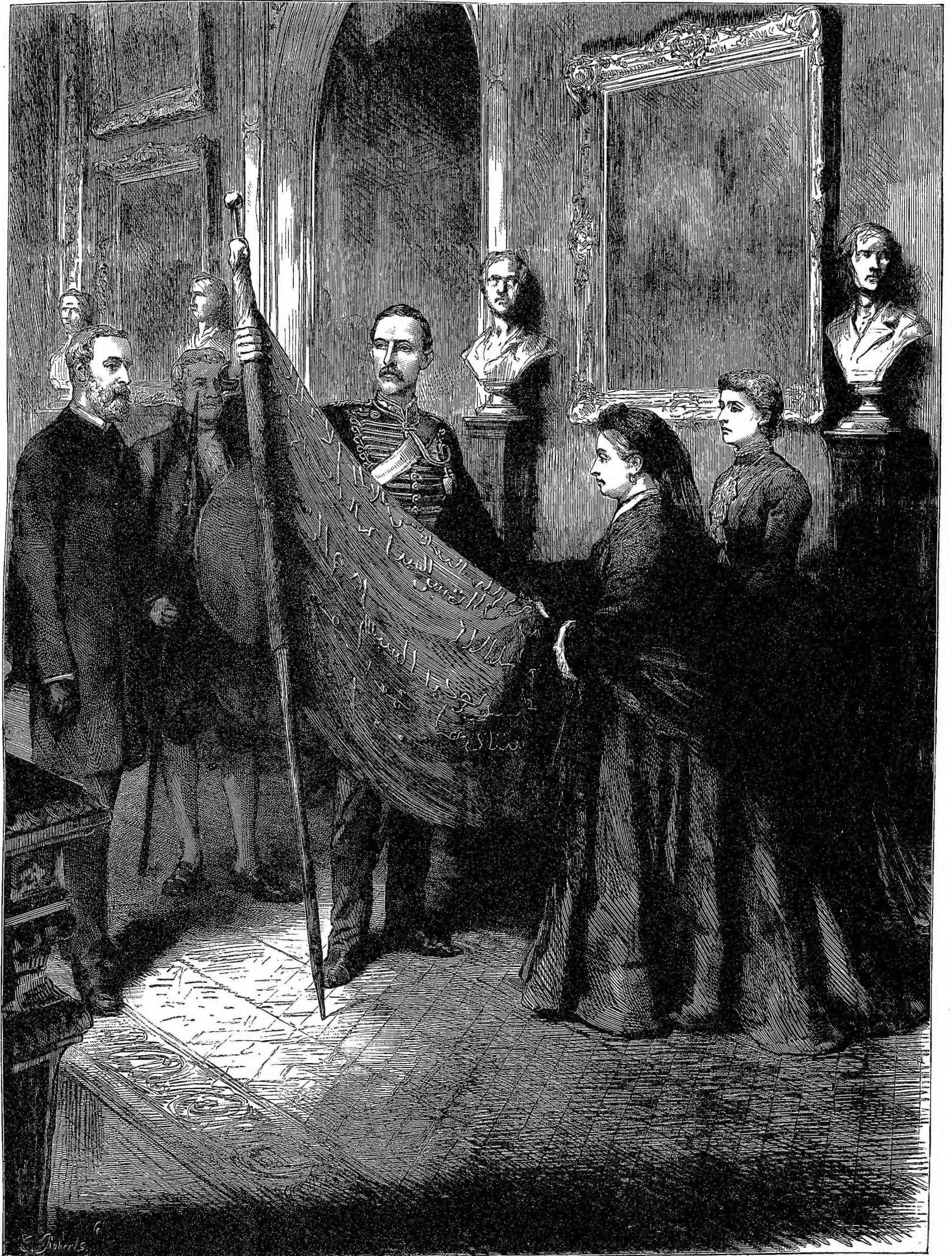
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ÉDITION  
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1884

WITH EXTRA  
SUPPLEMENT

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A TROPHY FROM THE SOUDAN—LIEUTENANT WILFORD LLOYD PRESENTING ONE OF THE MAHDI'S FLAGS TO THE QUEEN



## Topics of the Week

**MR. GLADSTONE'S VICTORY.**—The Government has little reason to congratulate itself on the victory it secured early on Wednesday morning. Strenuous efforts were made to induce every member of the Liberal party to vote against the Resolution of Censure; yet the motion was rejected only by a majority of twenty-eight. If all Liberals had felt themselves at liberty to vote in accordance with their convictions, there can be no doubt that there would have been a much larger majority on the other side. The truth is that hardly anybody approves of the course which has been adopted by the Ministry; and it is probable that some even of Mr. Gladstone's colleagues in the Cabinet question the wisdom of the policy which they have been compelled to sanction. In replying to Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Mr. Gladstone did his best to prove that he had acted with vigour and sagacity; but it is generally admitted that a less effective speech has rarely been delivered by a Prime Minister on an occasion of commanding interest and importance. The speech was emphatic enough in tone, but lamentably weak in argument. The mission of General Gordon was undertaken at the request of the Government, and it is all but certain that, if he had been loyally and energetically supported, he would long ago have triumphed over the difficulties of his task. Absolutely nothing has been done for him, and the result is that he appeals for the help of English and American millionaires. These are the notorious facts of the situation; and it was impossible for Mr. Gladstone to impair their force by outbursts of indignant rhetoric. Had he shown that he was at last prepared to give effect to the unmistakable wishes of the country, his past weakness and hesitancy might have been forgiven; but he declined to do more than acknowledge responsibility in terms which committed him to no definite action. Mr. Forster and Mr. Goschen have been severely taken to task for not accepting his assurances; but it would have been strange indeed if they had been satisfied with the indefinite promises of a Minister who misses no opportunity of minimising his obligations. With regard to Egypt and the Soudan, Mr. Gladstone is consistent only in the determination to do nothing except what he is forced to do by the irresistible pressure of national opinion.

**THE FRANCO-CHINESE TREATY.**—M. Ferry was right after all. A few months ago, when the Marquis Tseng was enlarging on the risks which France was running by provoking China, and while our newspapers were zealously backing up the gallant Marquis, M. Ferry boldly said that the opposition of China was not of real importance. So it has proved. We have all heard of apparently impregnable Chinese forts, whose guns and earthworks were really constructed of pasteboard, and of Chinese soldiers made to look ferocious with painted faces and false beards. This time-honoured policy seems to have been followed on the present occasion. China bragged lustily up to a certain point—and then yielded everything. France is confirmed in her "protectorate" over countries which were declared to owe allegiance to the Brother of the Sun and Moon, and she is to be admitted to important commercial privileges with the Southern provinces of China. With admirable self-denial she actually refrains from levying an indemnity on China as a set-off for relieving the Celestial Empire from a troublesome suzerainty. And now, it may be asked, Why did the Chinese "cave in?" The answer is that they hoped for an English or a German alliance, which was not forthcoming, and that they did not dare to encounter France single-handed. The reason for this timidity is well known: A Chinese Empire which should truly reflect the aspirations of the millions under its sway would be a truly formidable Power. Few would dare to meddle with it. But this cannot be affirmed of the existing Empire, which is erected over a smouldering volcano of discontent. On the whole, Englishmen may rejoice that France and China have patched up their differences, for, owing to the greater magnitude of our trade, we would have suffered more than any other nation if war had broken out. Let us hope, in conclusion, that, as regards other countries, France will interpret her newly-acquired commercial privileges liberally. She will find her own account in so doing. Let her note what entire freedom of trade has done for Singapore. Sixty years ago it was a mere village of fishermen and pirates; it is now the great commercial emporium of the Indian Archipelago.

**THE PROVOSTSHIP OF ETON.**—Though lower in rank than a Bishop or a Dean, the Provost of Eton has always held a position apart among the dignitaries of this country; and the late Dr. Goodford, who, as boy, assistant-master, head-master, and provost, was connected with Eton for more than sixty years, added not a little to the lustre of an office which the great Chancellor Bacon thought it not derogatory to solicit after his fall from the Woolsack. Dr. Goodford had been the school friend, tutor, form master, or magisterial corrector of more than half the aristocracy. He came as a master to the school while Mr. Gladstone was still a boy in the fifth form. Sir Stafford Northcote, Lords Salisbury, Dufferin, Carnarvon, Randolph Churchill, in fact, scores of peers and members of Parliament, two or three judges, and

as many bishops, with a host of other notabilities, passed through his hands at different times, often in more senses than one. When he attended the Queen's *leves*, no man, not even the Prime Minister or the Primate, received so many salutations and handshakings as Dr. Goodford, and it must be remembered that the universal esteem in which he was held by old Etonians came, not from his having been a courtier, but from his having been no respecter of persons. In the difficult post which he held for nine years as the head master of Eton, Dr. Goodford ruled without fear or favour. He did not theorise about his birch like Dr. Busby, of Westminster, calling it his "sieve;" he was not a fussy martinet like Dr. Keate; his governance was perfectly equal and firm; and the duke's son knew as well as the parson's boy what punishment was to be expected from him for disobedience. There was at one time a project of sending a Royal prince to be educated at Eton, but Dr. Goodford did not favour it, alleging plainly that he could not waive his disciplinary rules even for one of Her Majesty's sons. As Provost, Dr. Goodford had no direct relations with the boys, but he remained supreme ruler of the College, and always bore himself with the finest urbanity and tact towards the head-master, the masters, and the governing body, even though he privately disapproved of much that has been done at Eton of late years under the influence of the Public Schools Commission. Etonians hope that his successor will be Archdeacon Balston, of Derby, who succeeded him in the head-mastership, and who during his too brief reign of six years acquired a popularity even greater than Dr. Goodford's—which is saying much.

**ENGLAND AND THE SOUDAN.**—It is impossible to say with confidence whether General Gordon is or is not in a position of immediate peril, but probably even the Government admits that he will soon be exposed to the gravest dangers. He is surrounded by hostile tribes, and there seems to be little chance that he can save the garrison and population of Khartoum, or that he himself can escape, unless an announcement be forthwith made that troops are to be sent to his aid. If he should fall, there can be no doubt as to the judgment that will be passed on the conduct of the English Government both by the friends and by the enemies of England. We shall be accused of the worst kind of dishonour, and it will not be easy to persuade mankind that the charge is without foundation. Mr. Gladstone, as everybody knows, despises national *prestige*; but should an impression begin to prevail in the East that we shrink from the discharge of plain duties, it may be found that *prestige* is, after all, not quite so unimportant as it is held to be by the Prime Minister. In Egypt the results of a calamity at Khartoum might be disastrous; for it is incredible that if the whole of the Soudan were subject to the Mahdi he would have no wish to extend his conquests. As Sir Samuel Baker showed the other day, in a vigorous letter to the *Times*, Khartoum is "the key and strategical point upon which the security of Lower Egypt must unquestionably depend;" and if this city passes from our control, we may by-and-by have to undertake an expedition compared with which any effort that is now demanded would be of trifling importance. Sir Samuel Baker's counsel is that Egypt should be divided into two provinces, Upper and Lower Egypt, that Upper Egypt should extend south to latitude 13°, and that its capital should be Khartoum. This may, perhaps, be sound advice; but England could establish the supremacy of her influence in the Soudan—to her own manifest advantage and to that of the Egyptian people—without committing herself to so bold a scheme.

**THE CHANNEL TUNNEL BILL.**—The ghost of Sir Edward Watkin's pet scheme, as somebody remarked, has been suffered to stalk across the floor of the House of Commons, and has then been dismissed to the limbo of unworkable proposals. The pros and cons were fairly stated in Wednesday's debate. On the one hand, increased comfort and speed to travellers, with an entire immunity from sea-sickness; on the other, the total destruction of our insular position, the cost of maintaining a first-class fortress, constant liability to invasion-panics, and the not improbable diversion to the Continent of the World's commerce, which has hitherto made England its *entrepôt*, but is already shifting its quarters owing to the construction of the Suez Canal. Few dispassionate persons will be found to deny that the advantages of the Channel Tunnel are overbalanced by the risks. It is, moreover, a lamentable, but well-grounded fact, that the risks are greater now than they were a few years ago, because France and England are on less friendly terms than they once were. Various causes of possible variance have arisen between the two nations, and, therefore, it is all the more important that we should preserve "the silver streak" intact.

**DRAMATIC COPYRIGHT.**—The case of "Duck v. Bates" was decided in accordance with common sense, and the Master of the Rolls, in his admirably lucid judgment, covered every point at issue. Owners of copyright, as he said, must have protection under certain circumstances against amateur players performing gratis, for it might so happen that a gratis entertainment would draw away the public from a regular theatre performing the same piece. In country towns, for instance, an amateur troupe, by performing a new play before the principal inhabitants, might spoil the chances of a pro-

fessional strolling company arriving in the place soon afterwards. On the other hand, a performance like that which took place at Guy's Hospital for the amusement of the patients and nurses was clearly not a public entertainment within the meaning of any Act, and Lord Justice Fry's contention that the hospital was during the performance "a place of dramatic entertainment" would, if accepted, lead to the curious result that a person giving a dramatic performance before company in his own drawing-room might be amenable, not only to actions for infringement of copyright, but to prosecution under the Licensing Laws "for supplying drink in a place of public entertainment during prohibited hours." The fact that the drink was given for nothing would be no bar to such a prosecution in the case of a theatre; but pushing the supposition further, we come to this—that if the performance of a dramatic work in a private house and before company is enough to convert that house into a place of public entertainment, then the promoter of the performance might be sued for opening a theatre without a licence. It is a pity that we possess no institution like that of the *Société des Auteurs et Compositeurs Dramatiques*, which has agents in every French town. A trial like that of "Duck v. Bates" could not have occurred in France, because when French amateurs organise theatricals they always communicate with the local agent of the *Société*, whose written permission to perform a play is never refused when there is some useful or charitable object in view. The disadvantage of having obscure copyright laws is that a body of amateurs, acting in perfect good faith, and clearly within their rights, may at any moment find themselves involved, like the players at Guy's, in a long and costly lawsuit.

**LIBERALISM AND FOREIGN POLICY.**—At the beginning of the present Session Mr. Gladstone was evidently convinced that the Franchise Bill and the London Municipality Bill would absorb the attention of the country. He has been quickly undeceived. No one doubts the importance of these measures; yet for weeks they have been almost forgotten. The position of General Gordon, the possible action of the Mahdi, and the situation in Egypt—these are the subjects which have really excited public interest; and so eagerly are they still discussed that it is doubtful whether the Government will be able to carry its schemes of domestic legislation unless it contrives somehow to bring its foreign policy into accordance with the opinions of the majority of the people. Its moral authority was greatly diminished by the debate on the Resolution of Censure; and should it be unable to recover its ground, a dissolution may soon become inevitable. The lesson, it may be hoped, will be taken to heart by the Liberal party. The policy of what is called *Jingoism* is, no doubt, deeply repugnant to intelligent Englishmen. They sincerely desire to recognise the rights and the interests of other nations, and war for its own sake—if such a thing were possible—they would abhor. But there is no sign that England is less resolute than she ever was to maintain her Empire and to preserve her honour intact. On the contrary, recent events have proved that with regard to international relations the democracy is as sensitive as the aristocracy, and that if a Minister blunders in the conduct of foreign affairs his offence will not be condoned because he is thought to be right about such questions as the franchise and local government. Mr. Gladstone is not likely to mend his ways, but the results of his mistakes ought not to be without effect on the career of younger Liberal statesmen.

**THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS.**—When an enemy invades a country, and, in the very first encounter, smites his opponent hip and thigh, the effect is wont to be extremely demoralising. It is really to be feared that the result of this match at Uckfield will make our cricketers rather nervous when they next come into contact with these redoubtable Antipodeans. Lord Sheffield's was an excellent representative team, yet they fell as ripe corn to the sickle before the bowling of Giffen and Palmer, and the fielding of other members of the Australian corps. In the first innings no one except Shrewsbury could stand against the combined bowling and fielding, but in the second innings Shrewsbury's "duck's egg" was balanced by some successful batting on the part of W. G. Grace and Barnes. This victory will doubtless be succeeded by other victories, though they will probably not all be so easily won. And now what is the moral to be derived from this contest? It is, we venture to think, this. Not that the sun of England's athletic superiority has set for ever, that the old man has been hopelessly beaten by the boy; but that a body of picked performers, nurtured in a climate especially favourable to the game, and playing together with a persistency in which no Englishmen, either professionals or amateurs, have hitherto ever had a chance of indulging, will in all probability beat any of the teams which we are likely to set in battle array against them. These Australian cricketers, who are really more thoroughly professional than any of our professionals, are practically playing all the year round, first in the Northern and then in the Southern hemisphere. Then the Australian cricket season is longer than ours, which practically ends with the beginning of partridge-shooting, and it is less interrupted by wet days. But the superiority of the Antipodeans is chiefly due to their admirable discipline and form; qualities which are due to their constantly working together; and until we organise a



team on similar conditions it cannot be said that Englishmen and Australians meet in the cricket-field on genuinely equal terms.

**RACECOURSE LOAFERS.**—We are now in the full tide of the racing season; and those who, frequenting the Turf occasionally for pleasure, find moments for meditation between two races must often marvel at the mass of human scum they see surging round grand stands and paddocks. That the betting inseparable from horse-races should attract to the Turf crowds of adventurers is only natural; but the English Turf is infested to quite an exceptional degree with rogues and vagabonds of the basest sort, and the wonder is what becomes of these men during the winter months. If they are not criminals, how do they live? If they live by dishonesty, how is it that they are allowed to swarm on race-courses with the open object of cadging, gambling, or welshing? The police at races all say that they can point out pickpockets and fraudulent bookmakers in scores; they show you the drinking-booths where these men assemble; they will warn you that it is not safe to enter these booths. Here and there they will come upon some fellow with a close-cropped head who will nod grinning to them, and they will tell you that this man has "just done his six months" for thimble-rigging, the confidence-trick, card-sharping, "watch-frying," or what not, and that "he's certainly on the same lay now." All this goes on year after year. The Turf is never cleared of its vermin; the racecourse stewards, the police, the public, all seem to think it natural and inevitable that they should be there; and ordinary people, who have no remedy to suggest, are reduced to asking themselves how it comes that there should be no remedy. Foreign racecourses are not overrun with bad characters in the same manner as ours are, though foreign countries have their vagabonds and criminals in plenty. It is something peculiarly English that the classes against which the police are supposed to be in chronic warfare should parade openly in hordes under the eyes of their enemies, under pretence of seeing horses gallop, and that the police should have no power to explode this pretence, and "warn them off" or make hauls of them.

**FRANCE AND M. CLÉMENTEAU.**—The municipal elections in France have decisively proved that the French people have little sympathy with the party of revolution. On the other hand, they have shown that the days of Opportunism are probably numbered. The popular party is evidently that which M. Clémenteau leads; and should the present temper of the nation be maintained until the election of a new Chamber in 1885, the chances are that he will then become Prime Minister. On the whole, this prospect ought not to be unwelcome to those Englishmen who take a lively interest in the welfare of France. M. Clémenteau is often spoken of as an extreme politician; but his opinions and sympathies do not differ essentially from those of sound English Liberals. In the first place, he is strongly opposed to a meddlesome foreign policy; and there is nothing to indicate that he would be favourable to the much-talked-of war of revenge, even if a good opportunity of attacking Germany were to offer itself. With regard to questions of domestic policy, his main idea is that the system of government ought as far as possible to be decentralised. We ourselves have been so rapidly centralising our institutions that it would ill become Englishmen to lecture the French about the disadvantages which attend their love of "unity" in the methods of administration. But all who know France agree that what she chiefly needs is the development of local energy. It is impossible that the wants of remote towns and districts can receive adequate attention in Paris; and the concentration of all power in a few hands might offer, even in these days of Republican "simplicity," an almost irresistible temptation to an ambitious demagogue. If M. Clémenteau ever succeeds in evoking a spirit of self-confidence in the communes of France, he will do better and more lasting service to his country than has been done by any French statesman during the present century.

**IN SEARCH OF THE GREELY EXPEDITION.**—It can scarcely be said that at the present time any large regions of the earth's surface remain unexplored, with the exception of the Poles. They still retain their secret, whatever it may be, and it is to be feared that the roll of martyrs in the cause of Arctic discovery is by no means yet filled up. To this sad catalogue we should be loth at present to add the names of Lieutenant Greely and his gallant band, but it is impossible to avoid entertaining very serious misgivings as to their ultimate safety. It is now nearly three years since they were set ashore in a very high latitude (81° 44' N.), and nothing has been heard of them since. The American Government are busily fitting out a search expedition, comprising, as one of its vessels, the Mother-Country's appropriate gift of the *Alert*; and the Secretary of the American Navy has also officially offered a reward of 5,000*l.* to any one who will rescue, or ascertain the fate of, the missing men. Previous experience has shown that, vast as are these regions, the very nakedness of the land (when not covered with snow) and the sparseness of human settlements, renders it less difficult than might be supposed to trace the wanderings of civilised travellers. Whether the offer of the American Government will induce the fitting out of any

independent expedition from these islands or the continent is a doubtful matter; but at all events it will serve as a stimulus to persons who are already in the neighbourhood, that is to say, to the Danish settlers in Greenland, to the whaling community, and to the Esquimaux.

**SPRING CLEANING.**—The *Lancet* has called attention to the evils that may result from beating carpets in the yards of inhabited houses. Carpets contain all manner of dirt which may spread germs of disease and so forth. A man would hardly dare brush his coat in another man's presence if he thought of all the insalubrious particles which clothes may amass in the course of a day's wandering through London; it remains true, nevertheless, that our municipal edicts as to carpet-beating and the airing of clothes are less severe than they might be. People in whose houses there has been infectious disease too often act in ignorance or reckless disregard of the fact that miasmas may cling to their carpets, curtains, and bedding for months, and that to beat these things in a small yard is to scatter their dangerous contents among neighbours. It is certain that the spread of an epidemic through a whole quarter might often be traced to the misuse of house-yards as depositories for infected substances. What will people not shoot into a dust-bin, and how often is it that one of these receptacles is air-tight? We fail to see, however, that the *Lancet's* suggestion of public carpet-beating grounds could be adopted, at least in London. Within the town they would be a permanent nuisance to surrounding streets; outside the town—should municipal geographers be able to determine where London stops—they would be so far away that the cost of transport would have to be taken into account, and this might debar frugal housewives from having their carpets beaten at all, so that our last state would be worse than the first. The conditions of social life may be so altered by scientific legislation and sanitary improvements that what seems impossible now may become a matter of course some years hence; but meanwhile parish authorities might be entrusted with fuller powers than they possess at present for compelling the owners of houses where there has been infectious illness to use fumigants.

**EX-HEAD-CENTRE STEPHENS.**—To the Paris correspondent of the *Standard* Mr. James Stephens has very obligingly communicated his intentions respecting the new Fenian organisation. He is sanguine in his belief that, although an old man, before he dies Ireland will be an independent Republic. To effect this revolution, however, it will probably be necessary "to crush the power of England all over the globe." This is an ambitious programme, and implies operations on rather a bigish scale, especially as there is also to be in England "a free Republic, which will become the best ally of Ireland." We hope, however, that the English Republicans (in spite of the bad example set by Mr. Gladstone) will not be so dead to all sense of patriotism as to submit, by way of prelude to the establishment of their new form of Government, to the subjugation of British power all over the world. If this is the way in which the Irish mean to go to work the English Republicans will scarcely be so friendly as Mr. Stephens supposes. Altogether, we think Mr. Stephens is rather sanguine in his views as regards the formation of these two sister Republics. But there is one part of the programme with which we can sincerely sympathise. After the Conference (not Mr. Gladstone's Conference, but a Fenian Conference to be shortly held in Paris) Mr. Stephens will issue a manifesto condemning and prohibiting such criminal atrocities as dynamite explosions, assassinations, &c. In face of these perpetual scares, of which the Woolwich Arsenal attempt is the latest example, we should rejoice if such a manifesto would be obeyed. But is there any chance of its being obeyed? If the evil-doers who plan these atrocities will not listen to the Pope, are they any more likely to listen to ex-Head-Centre Stephens?

**NOTICE.**—With this Number is issued an EXTRA SUPPLEMENT OF FOUR PAGES, entitled "THE CORPORATION OF LONDON—AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY," being the last of the series, drawn and written by H. W. Brewer.

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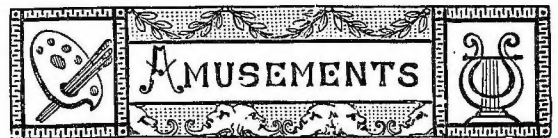
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Great success of Mr. EDGAR WILTON (the new Baritone), and of Mr. DORNAN (Basso Profundo). EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT, MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY at THREE and EIGHT. No fee of any kind.

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MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—Managers, Messrs. ALFRED REED and CORNEY GRAIN.—FAIRLY PUZZLED, a new First Part, written by Oliver Brand, music by Hamilton Clarke. After which a new Musical Sketch, by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled A LITTLE DINNER. Concluding with A DOUBLE EVENT, written by Arthur Law and Alfred Reed, music by Corney Grain. Morning Performances Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 3; Evenings, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 8. Admission 1*s.* and 2*s.*; Stalls, 3*s.* and 5*s.* Booking Office open from 10 to 6. No charge for Booking.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM PLACE.

MASKELYNE and COOK'S ENTERTAINMENT, EGYPTIAN HALL.—Every Afternoon at Three, but only three evenings in each week, viz., Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at Eight. PSYCHOS NEW MYSTERIES have taken London by storm, and the elegant fireproof Hall is filled at every performance. Stalls, 5*s.*; reserved seats, 3*s.*; area, 2*s.*; gallery, 1*s.*—W. MORTON, Manager.

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From Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington and Liverpool Street. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets at Cheap Rates. Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton. Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Weekday From Victoria 10.0 a.m., Fare 12*s.* 6*d.*, including Pullman Car. Cheap Half-Guinea First Class Day Tickets to Brighton Every Saturday, from Victoria and London Bridge. Admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion. Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday, From Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.50 p.m., Fare, 1*s.* Pullman Drawing Room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations On the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

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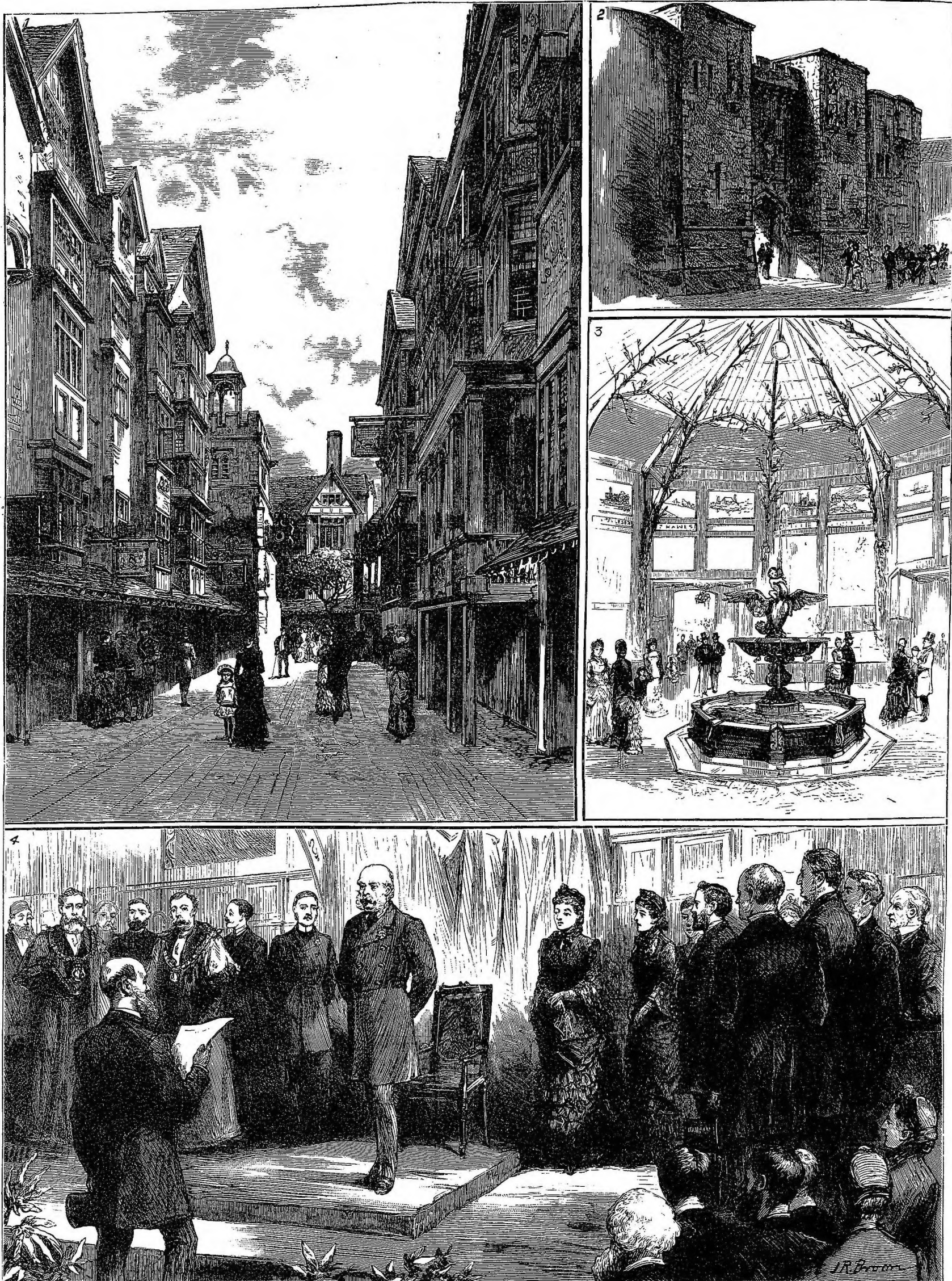
Weekday Tidal Express Service (1st and 2nd Class). Night Service, Weekdays and Sundays (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class). From Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. Fares—single, 33*s.*, 24*s.*, 17*s.*; Return, 55*s.*, 39*s.*, 30*s.* The "Normandy" and "Brittany," Splendid Fast Paddle Steamers, accomplish the Passage between Newhaven and Dieppe frequently in about 3½ hours. A Through Conductor will accompany the Passengers by the Special Day Service throughout Paris, and vice versa. Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; City Offices, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cooks, Ludgate Circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations. (By Order). J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS.—The CONTINENT via HARWICH (PARKSTON QUAY).

Cheap Trips to HOLLAND and BELGIUM. The Express leaves Liverpool Street Station at 8.0 p.m., every week day; and Doncaster at 4.48 p.m. (in connection with Express Trains from Liverpool, Manchester, and the North), running alongside the Company's Steamers at Harwich (Parkston Quay). Passengers arrive at Amsterdam and Brussels the following morning. Fares (from London):— FIRST CLASS SECOND CLASS Rotterdam or Antwerp and Back £2 0 0 £1 4 0 Rotterdam, Gouda, the Hague, Amsterdam, Utrecht, } £2 13 4 £1 14 1 and Back. Antwerp, Brussels, the Ardennes, and Back £2 11 4 £1 12 7 Tickets, Time Books (Free), and Information at 44, Regent Street, W.; 48, Limb Street, E.C.; Mr. Briggs, Doncaster Railway Station; or to F. Gooday, Continental Traffic Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

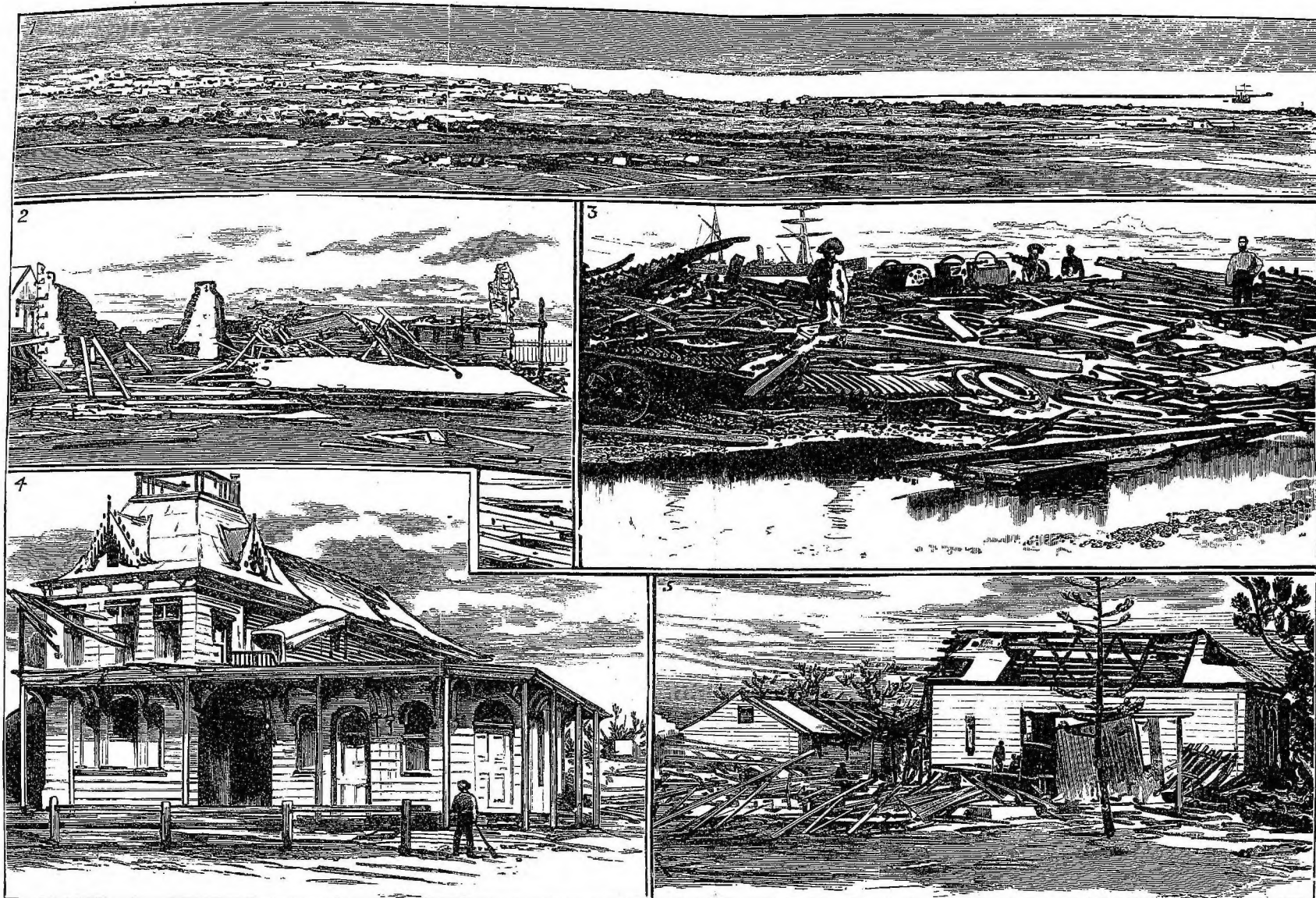




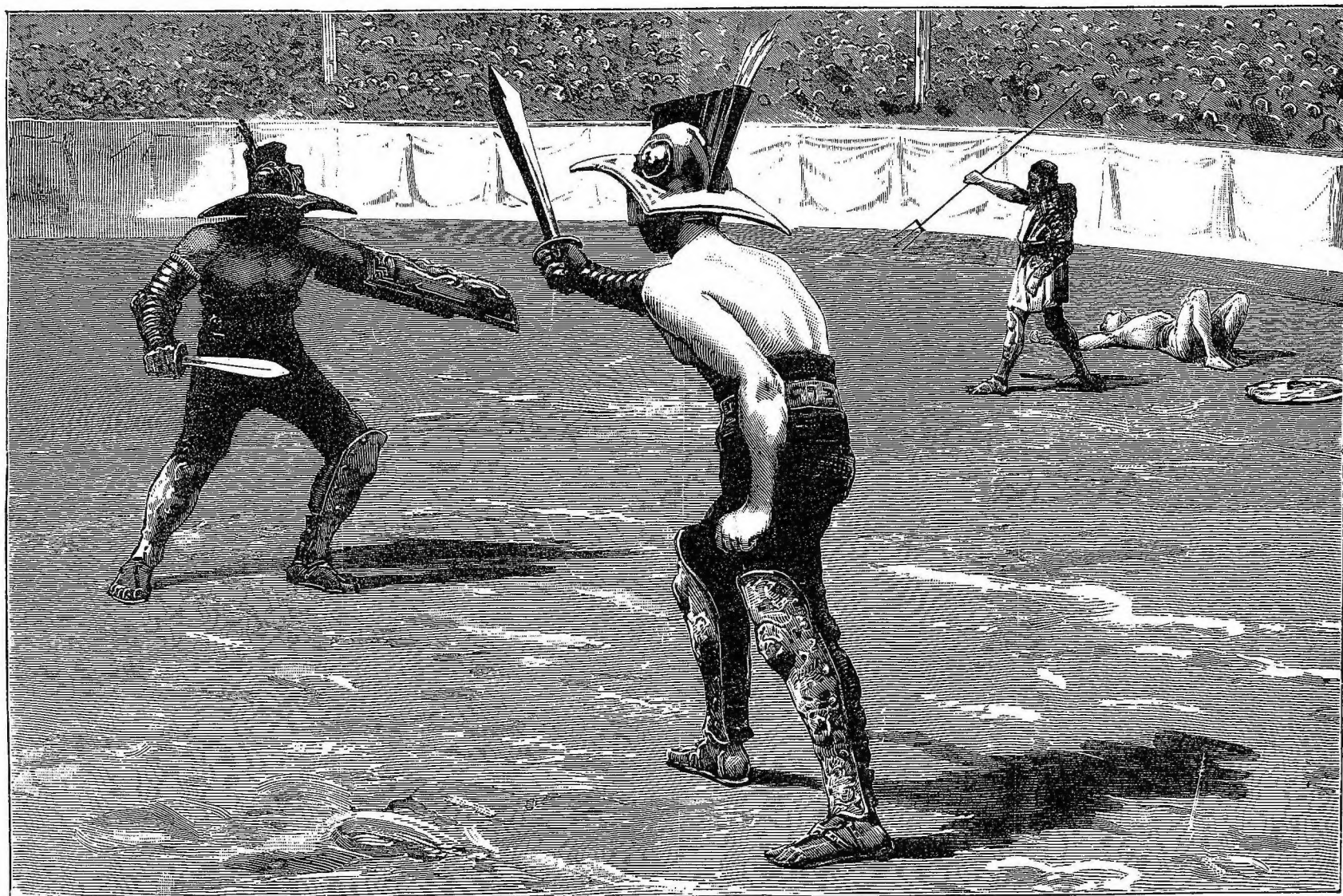
1. Old London.—2. Bishop's Gate.—3. The Water Companies' Pavilion.—4. The Opening Ceremony.

THE INTERNATIONAL HEALTH EXHIBITION AT SOUTH KENSINGTON





1. Bird's-eye View of Bowen.—2. Public School.—3. The Jetty Customs' Stores.—4. The Supreme Court.—5. Bank of New South Wales.  
DISASTROUS CYCLONE AT BOWEN, NORTH QUEENSLAND, AUSTRALIA.



THE FÊTES AT POMPEII—THE GLADIATORIAL GAMES





### PRESENTING ONE OF THE MAHDI'S FLAGS TO THE QUEEN.

The flag which Lieutenant Wilford N. Lloyd, of the Royal Horse Artillery, presented to Her Majesty the Queen was taken by General Graham's forces at Tokar on March 1, the day after the Battle of El Teb. The Rebels were in possession of Tokar, but evacuated it on the arrival of the British troops, leaving their standard behind.

The flag, which was evidently given by the Mahdi to the chief of the Rebel forces opposed to General Graham, is made of two pieces of yellow and red silk, and bears Arabic inscriptions on both sides, sewn on in white tape. On one side there are the names of Mahomet's four Generals in the corners, viz., Omar, Abu-Bekir, Ali, and Osman; and the following inscription: "There is no god but God, and Mahomet is the Prophet of God; at all times every one professes the knowledge of God."

On the other side is inscribed, in Arabic also: "With the blessing of the enlightened Prophet, the descendant of Mahomet, the Lord of the faithful, the esteemed Seyid Acmet ibn Adres (who is the Mahdi), the saviour of the age, to Seyid Ibrahim al Rashid, the father of Mahomet of the Beyoome."

The flag was presented to Her Majesty, at Windsor Castle, on March 25th, and has taken its place at the Castle among many other curiosities which have been given to the Queen.

Lieutenant Wilford Lloyd is the youngest son of Colonel Robert Clifford Lloyd, and of Annie, daughter of Captain George Savage, late 13th Light Dragoons, of Ballylowan, County Down, and is a brother of Mr. Clifford Lloyd. He was educated at Uppingham and the R.M.A., entered the army in 1876, and served in the Kaffir War of 1877-8, and throughout the Zulu War of 1879, in command of the Royal Artillery of Pearson's column, including the battle of the Inyezane and the defence of Ekowe. He was four times mentioned in despatches. He served as a temporary resident magistrate in County Clare during the disturbances of 1882, and narrowly escaped assassination in the month of February of that year, one of the escort being severely wounded. He was present with the 19th Hussars at the Battle of El Teb and relief of Tokar.

### THE INTERNATIONAL HEALTH EXHIBITION

See page 483

#### CYCLONE AT BOWEN, QUEENSLAND

THE summer of 1883-4, that is, from November to March last, was a very favourable one in the southern parts of Australia, as there was an abundant rainfall, and consequently an unusually bountiful harvest. In the north, however, just the reverse was experienced, and in Northern Queensland, where the hot season is ordinarily the rainy season, and where consequently there is generally a copious supply of rain during the summer months, a terrible drought was experienced, causing great destruction of crops, the deaths of thousands of cattle, and even the exodus of human beings from these parched-up districts. The long-continued drought was succeeded, as too often happens, by a sudden tremendous rainfall, causing disastrous floods, and accompanied in some districts by a cyclone. This raged with especial fierceness at Bowen, a flourishing seaport of Northern Queensland (lat. 22° S.). The whole town, as well as everything for miles distant, was involved in one confused heap of ruin, while sailing ships and steamers of every class and character were rushing madly about in the seething sea. A steamer of 1,000 tons burden was lifted a quarter of a mile; roofs were swept away bodily; an iron tank, holding 800 gallons, was removed to the side of a hill two miles from its natural abiding-place; the wind travelled at the rate of forty-five miles an hour; and eleven inches of rain fell in a very short time.—Our views are from photographs taken by Mr. Malpas, and forwarded to us by Mr. J. Wehre-Crozur, of the Standard Office, Townsville, Queensland. One of these shows Bowen as it was before the cyclone; others indicate the damage inflicted in various places.

#### POMPEII REVIVIFIED

DURING the past few days the streets of Pompeii, which, disinterred from their beds of cinders and scoræ, normally appear—as indeed they are—the thoroughfares of a great city of the dead, have resounded with mimic representations of their former grandeur, with the pomp and display of Imperial Rome, with the screaming laments of funeral trains, and the joyful strains of marriage music. Skillful restorers have transformed the skeletons of wine-shops into a semblance of their old selves, and therein thirsty visitors were served with rich Falernian by waiters clad in veritable classic garb. Under the careful superintendence of Signor de Petra, the Director of the Naples Museum, and other distinguished archaeologists, three days' fêtes were organised on Saturday, Monday, and Tuesday. All was arranged with the strictest adherence to truth. The instruments of the band were modelled after those in the museum, the costumes were gathered from the mural paintings at Pompeii itself, while the arms and chariots were carefully modelled after the most approved patterns of old Rome. A circus was constructed on a tract of yet unexcavated Pompeii, with all the ancient appendages of *Circus*, whence the racing chariots were wont to start, the obelisk in the centre, the adjoining temples, the Emperor's tribune, and the barrier for the multitude, who in days of old cared more for their *panem et circenses* than for political economy. On Saturday the fêtes were inaugurated by the procession of the Emperor Vespasian, which wended its way to the circus, and consisted of all the elements which composed the glory of classic pageantry—such as Prætorians on horseback, senators, ædiles, lictors, and priests, the last-named bearing, amid clouds of incense, images of Isis, Bacchus, Venus, and a large statue of Augustus. "The group of the Priests of Isis, with closely shaven heads, naked arms and shoulders, and flowing white robes with heavy fringes, the augurs with green wreaths, the band of musicians crowned with flowers, the Emperor reclining on panther skins in his silk-curtained litter, borne by eight yellow-capped bearers, the groups of senators and the Pompeian populace all slowly advancing to the sound of twisted trumpets, flutes, and tambourines through the narrow streets, gave as realistic a picture as could possibly be achieved under the searching light of day." Arrived at the circus, the Emperor took his place in the tribune, and, giving the signal for the sports to begin by throwing down his handkerchief, four chariots rushed into the arena, and a keenly contested race began, the charioteers standing up, and urging on their steeds to their utmost speed. Horse races, wrestling matches, and athletic performances followed, and then took place through the streets the wedding procession. The *cortège* started from the House of Cornelius Rufo, in the Street of Abundance, and proceeded by the Forum to the House of Apollo, in the Street of Mercury, the bridegroom's home, where our illustration represents the bride's arrival, being escorted by a torchlight procession, including friends and relations, and musicians singing and playing the nuptial Ode of Catullus as the epithalamium, or wedding chant. Flowers were scattered before the bride, nor was the branch of hawthorn, the emblem of good wishes, absent.

On Monday there were further games in the circus, and then a representation of a funeral, including the burning of a funeral pyre. No less accuracy was displayed in this than in the wedding procession, and the train, starting from the House of the Faun, passed slowly through the city to the Herculaneum Gate, heralded by the strains of an *epiditium* (funeral chant), composed for the occasion by Signor Alberti, and accompanied by a band playing instruments of true classical shape.

On the third day the chief feature was a grand gladiatorial display in the circus, witnessed as before by the Emperor and his magnates. First there was a march round, and the traditional salutation, "Ave, Cæsar: morituri te salutant," and then duels took place between gladiators armed with simple swords and shields, between Retarii armed with nets and tridents, and Secutores armed with swords—the Emperor duly exercising his prerogative of mercy, or withholding it at his sweet will. The chief personages in the pageant were portrayed by various well-known actors, while the musicians were all trained bandsmen. The fêtes were most successful throughout—except in one particular, that of finance. The expenses amounted to nearly 5,000*l.*, while the receipts barely exceeded a fifth of that sum. Considering the labour expended, and the fact that the festival had been organised to assist the Ischia Earthquake Committee, such a result is much to be regretted.

MR. BENJAMIN, Q.C.,

AND

MR. AND MRS. DE ROEPSTORFF

See page 484

### PRESENTATION TO PRINCE AND PRINCESS EDWARD OF SAXE-WEIMAR

A LUNCHEON was given on the afternoon of the 7th inst. in the Pavilion on Southsea Pier by the Mayor of Portsmouth, Mr. R. Marvin, to Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar (daughter of the fifth Duke of Richmond) upon the retirement of His Serene Highness from the command of the Southern District.

Among the guests at the principal table, in addition to the Prince and Princess, were General Sir George Willis (the new Commandant, who commanded the First Brigade in Egypt), Lord Henry Lennox, and Sir H. D. Wolff, M.P.

The affair passed off in the most enthusiastic style, the Prince having been most popular in his command, which comprises a very wide district, extending far westward from Portsmouth, and touching London on the north-east.

General Willis responded for the Army; after which the Mayor proposed the health of the Prince and Princess of Saxe-Weimar, and presented the former with an album and illuminated address on the part of the Corporation, and the Princess with a valuable jewel.

This jewel was manufactured by Mr. G. Dimmer, High Street, Portsmouth, and takes the form of a crescent and star, which are the borough arms of Portsmouth. It is composed of sixty-five diamonds, the centre stone of the star weighing nearly 3 carats. It can be worn either as a bracelet, brooch, or hair-pin. The bracelet, to which it can be fixed, is a very massive, quite plain band of fine gold, bearing a suitable inscription.

#### DIVING EXPERIENCES

LIKE other human inventions, the art of diving has been improved by artificial appliances. The dusky savage, devoid of clothing save a waist cloth round his loins, who seeks for pearl-oysters in the tropical waters of Ceylon, or recovers coppers pitched overboard by idle Anglo-Indian or Australian passengers in the Red Sea—this poor fellow can only stay under water as long as his lungs hold out. It often seems a wonderfully long time, but the space is really very brief. With the scientific diver it is otherwise. He is a most strange sea-monster to look at; he would frighten Caliban himself, with his heavily-loaded boots (half a hundredweight of lead on them) and his helmet and goggles eyes; but he can stay under water a long time, because he is supplied with air through a tube, and sometimes, on the Fleuss system, has a box at the back of his head, in which a fresh supply of oxygenated air is being constantly manufactured. Occasionally, to judge from one of our engravings, he does not possess that "alacrity in sinking" which Falstaff deplored; he finds it difficult to get down. When he does get down, however—he sees some remarkable sights, if the artist (Lieut. Charles L. Ottley) has not been drawing upon his imagination.

#### "DOROTHY FORSTER"

A NEW STORY, by Walter Besant, illustrated by Charles Green, is continued on page 489.

#### AN AFTERNOON IN THE PARK

THE "accidental" meeting, it may be presumed, was pre-arranged. The idler on foot, in the next sketch, envies the equestrian (a hard-working professional man) his horse, but doubts whether he would consent to take the horse if he must be as stout as its owner. The policeman feels regretfully that he cannot aspire to flirt with "the lady 'elp," as he would with an ordinary "nuss-maid." In another sketch the nurse herself, a comely lady of mature years, recalls with a sigh the days when she was young and slender; and drove a "pram," and when a gentleman in Her Majesty's uniform would walk gallantly at her side. The other sketches are self-explanatory.

NOTE.—In our engraving last week of the wedding presents to the Princess of Battenberg, the illustration entitled "Tiara of Diamonds and Amethysts, the Gift of Queen Marie of Bavaria," should have been described as "Tiara of Diamonds and Sapphires, the Gift of the Bridegroom's Parents."



A MARBLE STATUE of Her Majesty the Queen, by Mr. Woolner, was publicly unveiled last week in the Central Free Library at Birmingham, having been presented to the town on behalf of the Committee, which some years ago placed in the same building a statue of the Prince Consort by Mr. Foley.

RESPONDING FOR THE ARMY at the usual annual dinner given by Sir James Hogg as Chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works, the Duke of Cambridge again expressed his regret at the disinclination of the House of Commons to incur expenditure for that service.

THE LATE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH is succeeded in the Lord-Lieutenancy of Roxburghshire by the Duke of Roxburghe, and in that of Midlothian by Lord Rosebery—two appointments which it was previously intimated in this column would probably be made. Both of the new Lord-Lieutenants are Liberals.

IN A SIGNED CONTRIBUTION to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the Marquis of Lorne expresses both his disagreement with the Report of the Crofters' Commissioners generally, and a hope that some

short Act may be passed this Session providing that where any man, or his father, can be proved to have been—say twenty years—on the land as cotter and crofter, he shall not be removed against his will without some pecuniary compensation.

THE DIFFERENCE between Lord Randolph Churchill and the Conservative leaders is apparently adjusted. He has abandoned, it is understood, his intention of proceeding to the Continent, and he adheres to his candidature for the representation of Birmingham at the General Election.

PRESIDING AT THE ANNUAL DINNER, on Wednesday, of the London and Westminster Working Men's Constitutional Association, Lord Salisbury expressed a hope that Westminster would not be merged in London as a consequence of the London Government Bill. He condemned this measure as effacing, not developing, local self-government, which could not be promoted by submitting the people of Westminster to the government of the people of Hampstead, Plumstead, Rotherhithe, and other places, with which Westminster had about as much to do as with Windsor and Reading. With an obvious reference to Lord Randolph Churchill, Lord Salisbury cautioned such Associations as that which he was addressing against a centralised arrangement. Centralisation tended to convert a political party into what the Americans called "the machine," which gave an exalted power to wire-pullers, and led to the sacrifice of individual conviction in order to win political victory. The House of Commons, by its recent votes, had shown that it no longer represented the feeling of the country, but only the narrow fanaticism of the Liberal Three Hundred and the Liberal Six Hundred. Mr. Goschen professed to fear the consequences of giving him a blank cheque, but a Conservative Government was not the only alternative to one which was universally condemned. In 1854 and in 1858 Liberal majorities in the House of Commons overthrew Lord Aberdeen and Lord Palmerston, yet the result in either case was not a Conservative Government, but a modified Liberal Ministry. Mr. W. H. Smith, in a brief speech, urged the constituency to be prepared, as the time of battle was near at hand.

ON WEDNESDAY the Hon. Stewart Gathorne Hardy, eldest son of Viscount Cranbrook, was elected without opposition one of the Members for Mid-Kent, in the place of Sir Edmund Filmer, who retires through ill-health. A Conservative succeeds a Conservative.

AT A STORMY MEETING of City ratepayers held at the Guildhall on Friday last week, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, resolutions condemning the London Government Bill were carried by an overwhelming majority. Similar resolutions have been carried at numerous meetings of ratepayers, vestries, and other local administrative bodies in the metropolis and suburbs.—In response to an invitation from the association formed to oppose the London Government Bill, Mr. Hall, ex-Mayor of New York, delivered on Monday an address, "American Experiences of Centralised Municipalities," his object being to show, from the history of his own city, that the substitution of a Centralised Municipality for district self-government by smaller administrative bodies results in the introduction of professional politicians, so that now the government of New York is practically in the hands of four men.

A DEPUTATION representing the Glasgow Chamber of Commerce has had an interview with Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice to protest against the Congo Treaty.

IN A LECTURE given at Oxford on his return from India, by Mr. Monier Williams, Boden Professor of Sanscrit, he referred to the progress of Russian railways in Central Asia, and said that we should be compelled, though against our will, to carry our railways through Candahar, and meet the Russians at Herat, whither they were being impelled. Though his travels had cured him of Russophobia, he was of opinion that English influence ought to dominate in Afghanistan.

MR. LESLIE STEPHEN, who is engaged in editing the "Dictionary of National Biography," has resigned the Clark Lectureship at Cambridge, and is succeeded by Mr. Edmund Gosse.

THE COUNCIL of the GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY have awarded their Royal medals to Mr. A. R. Colquhoun for his travels in China, and to Dr. Julius von Haast for his exploration of the southern island of New Zealand.

PRESIDING FOR THE FORTIETH CONSECUTIVE YEAR at the annual meeting of the Ragged School Union, Lord Shaftesbury asked whether School Boards could undertake the duties which the Union had undertaken. So long as ragged children remained, so long would the ragged school system be necessary. The report read stated that, according to a careful computation made some time ago, the operations of the Union had rescued from the streets, and assisted to become useful citizens, between 300,000 and 400,000 children.—Speaking at the opening of a new Industrial Home for Boys, erected at Forest Hill, called after himself, and affiliated to the Reformatory Union, of which he is President, Lord Shaftesbury said that institutions of the kind had done much during the last half-century to lessen the bitterness of the cry of "Outcast London."

FOR THE NEW THREE PER CENT. LOAN of 1,190,000*l.* raised by the Metropolitan Board of Works tenders amounting to 7,616,800*l.* were received. 75 per cent. of the whole loan was issued at 100*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.*, the lowest price accepted. The minimum price of tender had been fixed at 97*l.* 10*s.*

THE "ASSESSORS FOR THE INSURANCE COMPANIES" have emphatically contradicted the statement that the Insurance Offices have offered Mr. Whiteley 70,000*l.* for his claim of a quarter of a million. In point of fact, Mr. Whiteley's claim has not yet been rendered to them.

THE FIRM of JOSHUA BUCHANAN AND SONS, Provision Merchants, Glasgow, which was established fifty-three years ago, and is said to be the oldest in the trade, has suspended payment.

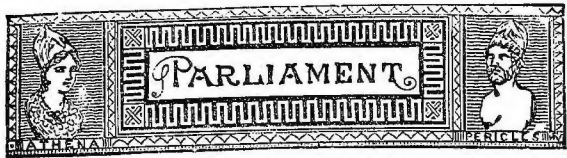
THE BARQUE "THERESA," with the remaining survivors of the *State of Florida*, arrived in Quebec on Sunday night.—On Tuesday the South-Western Company's steamer from Havre landed at Southampton thirty of the crew of the *Romano*, which (as chronicled in this column last week) foundered in the Atlantic after a collision.

A FEW MINUTES AFTER A COLLISION, at 2.30 A.M. on Sunday, in the Channel off Tusk, with the steamer *Cormorant*, from Cork to Liverpool, the iron barque *George Beveler*, from Liverpool for Autogasta, foundered, and twenty-three of her crew were drowned. Ten of the survivors and twenty-two of the passengers of the *Cormorant* were landed at Falmouth on Monday by the steamer *Avoca*, from Dublin for London.—The ship *Trinidad*, laden with sugar, owned by a Greenock firm, has not been heard of since leaving Java on the 10th of October, and is supposed to have been lost.

THE OBITUARY of THE WEEK includes the death of Mr. J. P. Benjamin, Q.C., formerly Secretary of State to the Southern Confederation, of whom a more extended notice, together with his portrait, appears on page 484; of Major-General W. G. Lennox, late of the Bengal army, in which he served long, and with distinction, at the age of eighty-seven; of the Rev. Dr. Goodford, successively Head Master and Provost of Eton College, in his seventy-third year; of the Rev. Francis Garden, Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal, author of "An Outline of Logic" and a "Dictionary of English Philosophical Terms," at the age of seventy-three; of the Rev. E. H. Hansell, Rector of East Ilsley, Berks, formerly Prælector of Theology at Magdalen College, Cam-



bridge, aged sixty-nine; of Dr. W. F. Clarke, known to the medical profession by various important contributions to surgical literature, in his fiftieth year; of Mr. John Byrne, at the age of eighty-four, for more than half a century on the parliamentary staff of the *Morning Advertiser*, in the active service of which he was engaged until a few weeks ago; and of Dr. R. Angus Smith, the eminent chemist, Inspector-General of Alkali Works, at the age of sixty-seven. Dr. Smith, a Scotchman by birth, adopted Manchester as his home, where he was for many years a successful analytical chemist, and personally much respected. The results of his researches into the comparative purity of atmospheric air under varying conditions are specially valuable. Besides purely scientific works and papers, Dr. Smith wrote an excellent biography of John Dalton.



THERE are many lessons to be derived from the debate on the Vote of Censure which concluded at two o'clock on Wednesday morning. One, not the least important, though the most likely to be overlooked, is the enormous advantage both to the question discussed and the character of the House of Commons by strictly limiting the period within which the debate must lie. The debate on the former Vote of Censure meandered over five nights, and was a soul-depressing affair. The announcement was made that it would occupy five or six nights, and all kinds of men, whose eloquence the House and the country would willingly let die, found their opportunity. Before dinner there were one or two speeches of more or less interest. Then came the long dinner hour occupied by gentlemen, undoubtedly of high intelligence and much information, but wholly without the gift of communicating their ideas in a form that robbed them of their commonplace and familiar look. It was announced beforehand that the debate on the second Vote of Censure must conclude at Tuesday's sitting. There was accordingly no room for mediocrity on either side—a great boon to the House, and surely a blessing to mediocrity itself, which could not without inward pain repeat once more the platitudes either of attack or defence.

Of the two, Tuesday's debate rose high above Monday's, albeit the Prime Minister spoke on the first day. On both days the interest of the public in the proceedings was exhibited in an unusual manner. Crowds besieged the door from an early hour in the afternoon, and remained till the night was far spent, hoping against hope that something would happen to secure for them a place. The House itself was crowded from floor to roof. There was no urgent whip out for Monday, the division having been fixed for Tuesday. But the desire to hear Mr. Gladstone was so great that members flocked down at prayer time, when seats are secured, and the Chaplain had his fullest congregation of the Session. Whilst Mr. Gladstone was speaking both the side galleries were filled, completing the animated appearance of the House. At no other period of the debate was there this overflowing measure of attendance on the part of members, but at no time—except whilst Mr. Chaplin and Sir Hardinge Giffard were speaking—has attention flagged or the audience greatly diminished.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has no pretensions to oratory, or perhaps it would be better to say that none are acknowledged on the part of the House. He can make a clear statement, which would be clearer still but for a tendency to prolixity, and that is all; though it must be admitted that it is sufficient for practical purposes. Incidentally, in connection with Sir Michael's speech, a sign of altered times may be noted. In the last debate on a Vote of Censure, Lord Randolph Churchill, making himself with his natural impetuosity the mouthpiece of overweighted humanity in the House, entered a protest against long speeches from the Front Bench, particularly noting Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's. On Tuesday, when Lord Randolph came to speak, he paid an elaborate compliment to Sir Michael and his speech, which he declared must have reminded Mr. Gladstone of the best period of Tory eloquence. There was much ill-subdued laughter at this, and probably an uneasy conviction on the Front Bench that Lord Randolph was "chaffing." But he looked serious enough as he spoke, and evidently meant at least to appear complimentary.

Mr. Gladstone's speech was a profound disappointment, even on his own side of the House. Here, facts being recognised, there is no clamour for an immediate despatch of a relief column to Khartoum, nor is there any disposition to join in the denunciation of the Government on the ground taken up by Mr. Ashmead Bartlett on Monday night, when he declared that the relief column ought to have reached Khartoum in the middle of March—that is to say, as Mr. Gladstone showed, should have started from England to rescue General Gordon just nine weeks before that hero himself set out on his mission. But the general expectation was shared on the Liberal side that the Premier would declare that, as soon as climatic influences made it possible, and presuming that necessity should then exist, an expedition would be despatched. What he did was to renew the "solemn covenant with Gordon, with Parliament, and with the nation," to shield Gordon from danger. In ordinary circumstances and older times this would have been enough. So recently as the administration of Mr. Disraeli, it was not usual to press a Government for divulgence of the details of their plans of action in respect of military operations in foreign parts. But we have of late years grown up into a new order of things, and the House, not wholly excepting members on the Liberal side, had met under the expectation that the Prime Minister would name a particular day for despatching a certain force, would enter upon a minute description of the route by which it would travel, and the time at which it might be expected to reach its destination. He declined to take that course, and his speech fell flat. There was a marked contrast between the enthusiastic cheering amid which he sat down after meeting the Vote of Censure in February, and the feeble applause his speech of Monday drew forth.

Tuesday's debate was full of plums of Parliamentary oratory. Lord Randolph Churchill presented himself early, his interposition being watched with peculiar interest as being his first appearance in debate since he was reconciled to his party—or it with him. He made a capital speech, higher in tone than some the House has heard from him. Mr. Forster followed, and amid a scene of some excitement not only opposed the policy of the Government, but taunted members below the gangway with the quality of their consciences, sneered at the Prime Minister, and questioned his sincerity and that of his colleagues in the Ministry. The peculiar and unmistakable personal animus of his speech was brought into strong relief when another ex-Cabinet Minister joined in the debate. Mr. Goschen was not less forcible than Mr. Forster in his denunciation of the policy of the Government; but he steered clear of personality, and confined his argument to the question before the House. Lord Hartington, habitually the most phlegmatic of men, was deeply moved by Mr. Forster's awkwardly disguised personal animosity, and, amid prolonged cheering, expressed his regret that Mr. Forster should have thought it necessary to "make a bitter, personal, and evidently highly-prepared and long-premeditated attack upon the Minister under whose leadership he had so long served, and by means of whose support he had been assisted to attain his position."

The speeches of Mr. Cowen, Mr. John Morley, Mr. Goschen, and Sir Charles Dilke preserved to the evening sitting the high

level of the debate. At half-past one the proceedings were nearing a close. Sir Stafford Northcote was on his feet, and after him the division. The Irish Members, who had been in consultation as to the most advantageous way of disposing of their vote, had come in and taken up their places below the Gangway. They had adopted means to spread the report that they were going to vote for the Government, an announcement which fell like a chill cloud over the hopes of the Conservatives, who had previously calculated upon getting at least a section of the vote. Sir Stafford Northcote in his speech referred to this in melancholy tones, forecasting the overwhelming majority of the Government. When the House was cleared the Irish Members retained their seats. There was evidently something in the wind, and members blockaded both entrances watching for the *dénouement*. At last it came. Mr. Parnell, rising, gave the signal. The compact body, over thirty strong, passing down the Gangway, wheeled to the right, and went out to vote against the Government, thus reducing to 28 a majority that had confidently been counted on to be at least 85.

Wednesday afternoon was appropriated to discussion of the Channel Tunnel Bill, which, after an animated and prolonged discussion, was thrown out by 222 votes against 84. The Cornwall Sunday Closing Bill was talked out. On Thursday the Budget Resolutions were discussed, and at the morning sitting held on Friday, the Franchise Bill was again to be taken.

### PRINCESS ALICE \*

THE noble and unselfish life of the Princess Alice can hardly be better understood than through the glimpses of her character, unconsciously revealed by her own pen in these pages. Here is collected the Princess's correspondence with the Queen during her married life, extending from her wedding journey in 1862 down to a few days before her death in 1878, and these private letters, expressing the writer's feelings without reserve, thus give the truest and most life-like portrait of the Princess. Originally the letters were merely selected by the Queen to aid Dr. Sell, a Darmstadt clergyman, in preparing a memoir of Princess Alice. At the Grand Duke of Hesse's desire, however, they were published in German, and now appear in English—with important additions—under the supervision of Princess Christian, who has translated Dr. Sell's memoir, and added a simple pleasing preface. The biographical sketch is very brief, and is intended merely to connect the threads of the letters, and to outline the Princess's career, so that the letters form the most important feature of this thoroughly interesting volume.

Even the most casual readers of these letters cannot fail to remark the Princess's manifest high sense of duty, her keen judgment, her unwearied efforts for the good of others, and her deeply affectionate nature. A lively high-spirited girl, the Princess developed suddenly into a sober thoughtful woman through her father's death, when she was called upon to support the sorrowing Queen, and assume much responsibility. This bereavement closely united mother and daughter, and the Princess's letters abound with signs of her warm affection for the parent she had left. She is always trying to console the Queen with expressions of simple faith, and is full of tender and admiring recollections of the Prince Consort, whose example was ever before her. Moreover, the impression of this early sorrow seems never to have been effaced, for a vein of sadness runs through all her letters, even in the midst of her great domestic happiness. Her own life, too, had many trials. The monetary struggles of the young couple, who were far from well off, the political troubles of the Duchy, which placed the various members of the Grand Ducal House in a very strained situation, the two wars in which her husband took part—all caused the Princess intense anxiety. Some of her most graphic descriptions deal with these campaigns—and she forcibly depicts the misery caused to the Hessians by the Schleswig-Holstein dispute of 1866, when German fought against German. Darmstadt was then occupied by the victorious Prussians, and the Princess, scarcely recovered from the birth of Princess Irene, was called upon for advice and help on all sides. Taught by the suffering of the wounded during this time, she organised those nursing associations which proved so valuable in the Franco-Prussian War, when Darmstadt was one huge hospital. Though so personally affected by these national troubles, the Princess expresses herself on political matters with remarkable clear-sightedness, and her influence on such subjects was by no means insignificant.

In ordinary times the Princess's life at Darmstadt was, from her own showing, a very active one. Fully realising the duties of her position, she specially strove to improve the condition of the poor and suffering, and to advance the education and employment of women, while the long list of good works she set on foot speaks strongly for her untiring zeal and industry. In most of her home letters, however, she prefers to dwell on domestic interests, on the training of her children, whom she wishes to bring up simply, and on the characteristics of the little ones. She speaks of the happy, quiet country trips, the visits to relations, of short foreign tours, but in later years her health has grown delicate, and then comes the crushing loss of her little boy, killed by the fall from the window, touched upon with unaffected resignation. It is after this great grief that the Princess loses the ideas of free-thought she held for a long time, and which were fostered by her acquaintance with Dr. Strauss, whose own account of the matter is given here. A few years more, and the last of the Princess's letters tell of the whole family being attacked by diphtheria, and of the death of tiny Princess May—so soon followed by her mother, whose last words, here recorded, were "From Friday to Saturday—four weeks—May—dear papa."

SEVEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE LIVES were saved last year by the lifeboats of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, which further rescued 236 persons by means of shore-boats, &c. Thirty vessels were also saved by the aid of the institution, which now owns 274 lifeboats on the British coasts. Numerous rewards for bravery were granted in the year, and the Committee distributed 5,397*l.* in relief to widows and orphans, injured sailors, &c.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased last week, and 1,586 deaths were registered, against 1,697 during the previous seven days, a decline of 111, being 12 below the average, and at the rate of 20.6 per 1,000. These deaths included 19 from small-pox (a rise of 9), 93 from measles (an increase of 8, and 43 above the average), 24 from scarlet fever (a decline of 14), 7 from diphtheria (a fall of 4), 119 from whooping-cough (an increase of 7), 1 from typhus fever, 8 from enteric fever, 1 from an ill-defined form of continued fever, 11 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a fall of 2), and not one from cholera. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 326 against 360 the previous week. Different forms of violence caused 44 deaths: 39 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 18 from fractures and contusions, 3 from burns and scalds, 6 from drowning, and 7 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Five cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,811 births registered against 2,541 during the previous seven days, exceeding the average by 92. The mean temperature of the air was 51.3 deg. and 1.1 deg. above the average.

\* "Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse, Princess of Great Britain and Ireland. Biographical Sketch and Letters." (Murray, 1884.)



SMALL MOUTHS are fashionable just now in New York, so Transatlantic belles are learning to whistle, in order to screw up their mouths to the orthodox size.

FOREIGN TOURISTS in SWITZERLAND yearly yield a revenue of 2,115,000*l.* to the hotel-keepers alone, apart from the money which is spent in the country in other ways. The Swiss hotel-industry now represents a capital of over 12½ millions sterling.

A TONKINESE STANDARD TAKEN FROM THE BLACK FLAGS has been sent home to France. It is made of very thin blue silk in the shape of a triangle, the edges being cut in vandykes. An inscription in tiny Chinese characters runs across the upper edge of the flag, and the centre is sown with huge letters worked in white silk.

THE STUDY OF PRACTICAL HYGIENE is making considerable progress in Berlin, thanks to the impetus given by the late Health Exhibition, and it is proposed to found a Hygienic Institute in connection with the Berlin University. Dr. Koch, now so well known for his cholera researches in India, will probably be the head Professor.

SCOTCH SABBATARIANS must have horror-stricken on hearing of the terrible doings at Galashiels last Sunday afternoon, when a London Art-collector actually exhibited a number of pictures—the first Sunday Art exhibition ever known in Scotland. Moreover, over 3,000 people visited the collection during the four hours it was open.

THE NOTORIOUS BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA, lately excavated at Fort William, has been filled in and paved over with thick stone slabs, and a tablet will be let into the wall close by, with the following inscription: "The stone pavement near this marks the position and size of the prison cell in Old Fort William, known to history as the Black Hole of Calcutta."

THE PARISH CHURCH AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON—Shakespeare's burial place—is to be restored after all, notwithstanding the recent warm controversy on the subject. The promoters of the restoration, however, decisively state that neither the formation nor character of the fabric will be interfered with, and that they intend merely to repair the ravages of time, and to carry out the work with the utmost care and reverence.

THE QUESTION OF THE SALE OF THE BLENHEIM COLLECTION will shortly come before the Court of Chancery, as the Duke of Marlborough has petitioned for leave to sell the paintings and books he acquired with the title. Another famous book sale—that of the Hamilton Palace Library—has just concluded, after occupying forty-eight days during two years. Altogether the Hamilton books and MSS. must have brought in between 160,000*l.* and 170,000*l.*, some 100,000*l.* more than the Sunderland Library, although not of such high literary interest.

LANDSEER'S WELL-KNOWN PICTURE, "The Monarch of the Glen," was sold on Saturday for 6,510*l.* It is curious to note that the artist originally painted this splendid work on approval for a panel in the House of Lords, but it was declined, and was subsequently bought by the late Lord Londesborough for 367*l.* 10*s.*, just before its exhibition at the Royal Academy of 1851. Since then the work has never been seen in public, not having been included in the Landseer Exhibition at Burlington House in 1874. Its owner bequeathed the picture to Lady Otho Fitzgerald, at whose death it has now been sold. The "Monarch" is still brilliant in colouring, but is much cracked.

A NEW KIND OF GUNPOWDER is being made in Germany by the celebrated Krupp, which is expected entirely to supersede the old species. It is called "brown powder," from its tint, claims numerous advantages, such as producing greater velocity with an equal pressure of gas, being applicable to guns of all calibre, and exploding only in a tightly-closing space, as in the open air or in the powder-box it ignites slowly, without explosion. This last property would prevent accidents in its manufacture, while the smoke produced is thinner, and disappears quicker than with the ordinary black powder. The ingredients, however, are the same, but are used in different proportions—the discovery being accidental.

A MATERIAL IMPROVEMENT IN THE ATLANTIC PASSAGE, shortening the voyage by half a day, will be effected by the completion of the works set afoot in Long Island Sound, New York. Another of the large reefs which obstruct the passage has been prepared for blasting, but unfortunately funds are lacking, and the works are at a standstill. If, however, this reef could be cleared away, the passage of Hell Gate would be practicable for the largest steamers, which would then pass outwards east through the Sound, instead of turning out of their way south to Sandy Hook. This alteration is all the more needed, as lately the bar off Sandy Hook has so increased by the deposits of refuse from the city that large steamships can only pass at high tide.

THE TREATMENT OF THE FAMOUS CORONATION-STONE in Westminster Abbey has lately aggrieved patriotic Irishmen. In days gone by the ancient Coronation Chair bore a notice stating that this was the identical stone on which Jacob laid his head at Bethel, whence it was carried to Egypt, subsequently to Spain, and thence to the Hill of Tara, in Ireland, where it was first used for the coronation of the Irish Kings. When King Fergus subdued Scotland he carried the stone with him, and thenceforward it was used for the coronation of the Scotch monarchs. In later years the Irish portion of the legend was left out of the notice, and now, the old label being dirty, a guide possessed of considerable antiquarian knowledge has merely recorded the historical fact of the connection with Scotland, ignoring the Irish tradition altogether. Hence a wrathful complaint in the House of Commons. The Dean, however, intends to append a separate inscription, dealing with the legendary version of the stone's history. He further states that geologists are certain that the chair is of Scotch limestone, a kind which is never found in Palestine or Egypt.

THE MESSONNIER COLLECTION opens next week in Paris in honour of the artist's fiftieth year of work, the receipts to be devoted to charity. Although most of the painter's *chef d'œuvres* have been lent by the owners, the numerous works in America could not be brought over, owing to the recent increased duty on foreign works of Art imported to the States, which would cost the owners a small fortune to get them back again. Still there is every prospect of a splendid display, illustrating the development of the artist's genius from the youthful days when he completed the first work which brought him into notice, a small affair called "Les Bourgeois," down to his latest production, at which he is working up to the last moment. This picture represents the apotheosis of all those who died for the defence of Paris in 1870—soldiers, sailors, citizens, women and children, gathered round the City of Paris, the dead artists, Regnault and Franchetti, being prominent in the group. We have already mentioned the Queen's loan of "La Rixe," and among the other most famous pictures are the "French Campaign of 1814," belonging to a Parisian Art collector; Sir R. Wallace's "Game of Cards in a Guard Room," and the "Man with the Sword," and "The Barricade," belonging to a Belgian amateur, M. Van Praet.



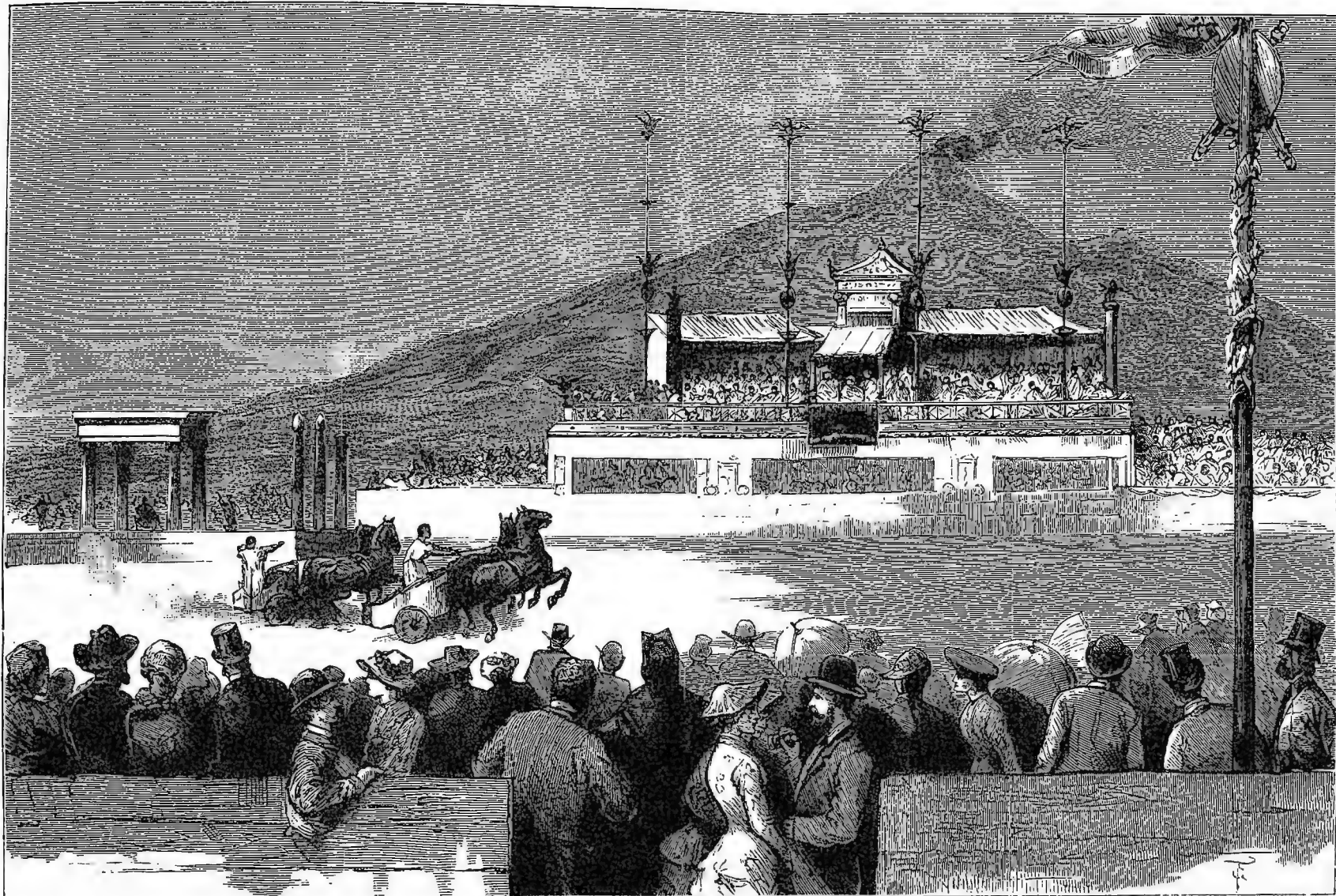


THE MARRIAGE PROCESSION



THE FUNERAL PROCESSION IN THE STRADA DELLE TOMBE





CHARIOT RACE IN THE ARENA



THE PROCESSION OF THE GODDESS ISIS





THE news from EGYPT remains the same. The Mahdi's followers continue to advance up the Nile, and Dongola is now seriously threatened. The Governor has but a small force of troops at his disposal, and of these very few are trustworthy, so that he has telegraphed appealingly for reinforcements, with the usual result, none being sent to him. Part of the British-officered force at Assouan has, it is true, been advanced to Wadi Halfa, but it has received the strictest orders not to proceed beyond that point in any event. At present the country between Wadi Halfa and Dongola is perfectly quiet; but if Dongola shares the fate of Berber, and is occupied by the Arabs, a formidable descent upon the little force at Wadi Halfa and Assouan may be surely expected. Indeed, it is stated that, Dongola taken, the Mahdi intends to order a direct march upon Cairo. Two messengers carrying letters to Gordon at Khartoum have been made prisoners by the Arabs, and no trustworthy news has been heard from that town for some time, though, of course, there are plenty of disquieting rumours. It is confidently asserted, however, that the authorities there have a stock of maize sufficient to last eighteen months, but that other provisions are scanty. By the last advices General Gordon had appointed a Greek, M. Leontides, as Sub-Governor of Khartoum. At Suakim constant vigilance is being exercised against any attack of Osman Digma, who has already encountered and defeated some friendly tribes near Tamanieb. It is expected, however, that the other friendly natives, amounting to 6,000 men, will undertake an expedition in force against Osman Digma to revenge the defeat of their allies.

The preparations for the Conference are proceeding. Turkey has now accepted the invitation, and the difficulties with France appear in a fair way to be smoothed over. The meeting will be held in London, and M. Camille Barrère is coming from Egypt to act as the second French Delegate. The Egyptians are disappointed at not being directly represented, as they had hoped that Riaz Pasha would have been delegated to the Conference to take care of their interests.

The Ministerialists in FRANCE are naturally exceedingly jubilant over the treaty which has just been concluded with China, and which completely settles the Tonquin question by virtually giving France all she wants. M. Jules Ferry certainly deserves great credit for the quiet manner in which the negotiations have been conducted, no one out of Ministerial circles having any idea that the solution of what appeared likely to be a prolonged difficulty was so near at hand. The treaty was signed at Tientsin on Sunday by Li Hung Chang and Captain Fournier, a personal friend of Li Hung Chang, and who had received extraordinary powers. The chief feature of the Treaty is that a French Protectorate is recognised over Annam and Tonquin, the treaty with Hué and all subsequent treaties with Annam being thus acknowledged. The boundaries of Tonquin are stipulated to be Langson, Caobang, and Lao-Kai, but China agrees to open up exclusively to French trade Yunnan, Kwangsi, and Kwang Tung, to conclude a treaty of commerce with France granting special advantages to her, and to withdraw the Chinese troops from Tonquin immediately after the treaty has been ratified. France requires no war indemnity, and undertakes to protect the Tonquin frontier of China against invasion. So successful a termination of a question which has agitated French politicians for years will add greatly to the strength of the Cabinet—particularly in view of the general and senatorial elections next year. The next little affair to be settled is that of Madagascar, and accordingly the troops returning from Tonquin are to call there on their way home.

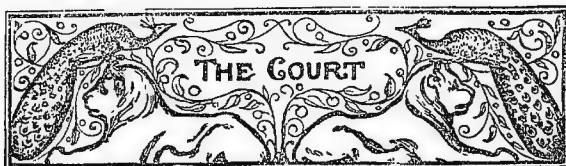
The result of the municipal elections in France, however, have not proved favourable to the Ministerial or Opportunist circles, and the Radicals have received a noteworthy accession of strength. This is not so much the case in Paris, where the constitution of the Municipal Council is almost unchanged, but in the provinces M. Clémenceau has gained many adherents, mainly through his advocacy of municipal reform, and of the right of every Commune to elect its own mayor, and not to be compelled to accept so important a functionary at the hands of the Government. There is no other news of outside interest, save the quarrel with Morocco, which, though officially declared to be settled, has necessitated the visit of the Moorish Foreign Minister to Paris, in order to conclude a convention defining the right of Europeans to trade in Morocco. The whole difficulty has arisen through a dispute between the Chereef of Wazan, who recently became a French subject, and the Sultan of Morocco. In Paris there has been a wave of great heat, followed by the inevitable heavy thunderstorm. The sentence on the Marquis de Ray of four years' imprisonment for the Port Breton frauds has been confirmed by the Court of Appeal, as also those on MM. Depraydt and Pasquier. M. Ancostaux, however, is acquitted, and M. Sumien has had his sentence reduced.

GERMANY has been relieved from the fear of another Parliamentary struggle and dissolution by the passing of the measure for prolonging the Anti-Socialist Law. Prince Bismarck made a most forcible appeal to the Deputies, and declared that, if the Reichstag rejected the Bill, the Government would discuss it with a new Parliament. Should it again be thrown out, "the Government would be exonerated from all responsibility, and would then look on at the further development of Social Democracy with a quiet conscience." The Bill eventually passed with a larger majority than had been expected. The only other item of interest this week is the trial of the Polish novelist, Dr. Kraszewski, and of an ex-Prussian, Captain Hentsch, for high treason, at Leipzig. They are accused of having obtained numerous secret plans, and documents containing important information with regard to the German Army, and with communicating them to the French, Austrian, and Russian Governments. They were betrayed to the Prussian Government by a man named Adler, who had acted as their agent—as long as he found it profitable. It appears that a Polish military society had been formed at Paris in 1864, with a view of restoring the Kingdom of Poland, by its members in the Austrian, German, and Russian services banding together and actively participating in all European events. The members were employed by the French Government as spies, and in 1868, when Count Moltke, as he thought, made a secret inspection of the French frontier, his movements were carefully watched and noted. Kraszewski himself had been employed by M. Jules Ferry. That usually well-informed journal, the *Prussian Cross Gazette*, states that the Emperor now consents to allow Prince Bismarck to retire from the Prussian Ministry. In common with other European countries, Germany is becoming anxious with regard to the operations of the International African Association; and the *North German Gazette* strikes a note of evil omen by doubting whether the Association is pursuing a genuine free-trade policy.

UNITED STATES.—The financial crisis on the New York Exchange culminated in a panic on Wednesday, there being a tremendous rush to sell, and prices falling with great rapidity. Several firms suspended payment; the Metropolitan National Bank and the Atlantic Bank of Brooklyn closed their doors, and loans were in great demand—money running up to 13½ per cent.—and

even at one time 1 per cent. per day. Mr. Secretary Folger, however, eased the market by ordering the immediate payment of ten million of bonds called up for redemption on June 20th, and the Clearing House, composed of the Directors of all the banks, held a meeting, and decided to support the banks which could furnish satisfactory security, and issue bank loan certificates, bearing interest at 6 per cent., not in excess of 75 per cent. of the securities or bills receivable deposited. These certificates would be received in settlement for balances at the Clearing House. A similar course was adopted in 1873. The failure of Messrs. Grant and Ward has caused serious losses to General Grant, to whom nothing remains but the income from the fund of 50,000*l.* which was recently raised for him by his admirers. It appears that General Grant handed over 50,000*l.* of securities to Mr. William N. Vanderbilt as a guarantee for an advance to his sons' firm before their failure. Mr. Vanderbilt, however, has generously given back the securities, stating that the General may pay off the debt when convenient, and that in the mean time he himself had no use for the deeds.

In TURKEY the Porte has definitively announced the appointment of M. Crestovitch as the new Governor-General of Eastern Roumelia in succession to Aleko Pasha, whose reappointment had been firmly resisted by Russia. M. Crestovitch has been chosen because he is a Bulgarian, and, what is more important, because he is not sufficiently prominent a personage to be objectionable to any one concerned. Midhat Pasha has died at the age of sixty.—In ITALY there has been an earthquake at Spoleto. At Pavia, on Sunday, the anniversary of the landing of Garibaldi at Marsala, a monument to the great patriot was unveiled. It is in the form of a statue, looking from the summit of the rock of Caprera, in front of which is a defending angel, with uplifted sword; at the base is a reclining lion.—The funeral of the late Empress Anna Maria has been the chief event in AUSTRIA. The ceremony was of the usual gorgeous description, and was attended by the Emperor and the Imperial Family—the Empress excepted, as she is at Amsterdam, undergoing medical treatment.—In RUSSIA, the occupation of Sarahks is denied by the *Journal de St. Petersburg*, which points out that there are two places of that name, one of which is unimportant, and has been ceded by Persia to Russia. The other still remains under the domination of the Shah.—In SWITZERLAND the Government have been defeated by the popular vote on various measures, and the resignation of Minister Frei is expected.—The suspension of the Oriental Bank has been severely felt in CEYLON, whose Government have applied for a temporary advance of eight lakhs to the Indian Government.—In SOUTH AFRICA, a new Ministry has been formed at the Cape, under Mr. Upington. Zululand continues in a very disturbed condition. There has been an encounter between the Usutus and a force sent against them by Mr. Osborne, in which the former have been defeated. The Usutus are now most aggressive, and recently attacked a Norwegian station at Inhlabatki, and killed several of the inhabitants.



THE QUEEN leaves Windsor for Balmoral next Thursday. Meanwhile, the Grand Duke of Hesse and Princess Elizabeth remain with Her Majesty at the Castle, where Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg joined the Royal party for a few days, and Princess Louise has also been on a visit. The Queen, with the Grand Duke and the Princesses Beatrice and Elizabeth, spent Saturday with the Duchess of Albany at Claremont, while Princess Louise visited the Royal Tapestry Works at Old Windsor. Next morning Her Majesty and the Princesses attended Divine Service in the Private Chapel, where the Dean of Llandaff preached. On Monday Princess Louise left, and in the afternoon the Queen received the Duchess of Madrid and the Princess Massimo, while on Tuesday night Her Majesty entertained at dinner Major-General Sir G. Graham and Sir Evelyn Baring.—The Queen has had a brass cross fixed in the floor of the pavilion of the *Osborne*, on the spot where the Duke of Albany's body rested during the voyage home.

The Prince of Wales has gone to the baths of Royat, in Auvergne, for a three weeks' course of the waters. He only remained a few days at Potsdam, where he visited the Emperor of Germany and Prince Bismarck, and attended an inspection of the Kaiser Alexander Regiment of Guards, wearing the uniform of the Blücher Hussars. The Crown Prince and Princess gave a grand dinner in his honour on Sunday night, and he left immediately afterwards for Paris, where he spent two days in strict privacy, only receiving Lord Lyons and a few friends, and calling on President Grévy. On Wednesday he started for Royat. The Princess and her daughters remain for the present with the Duchess of Cumberland, at Gmunden, but will shortly return to Rumpenheim, for the marriage of the Princess's cousin, the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of the Landgrave of Hesse, with the Hereditary Prince of Anhalt, the Empress of Russia being also expected. Probably the Princess of Wales may visit Wiesbaden in June to meet the King and Queen of Denmark. Prince Albert Victor attended with his regiment at the end of last week for the inspection of the Cambridge Rifle Volunteer Corps. Prince George's vessel, the *Canada*, goes to Halifax this week, after being refitted at Bermuda.

The Duke of Edinburgh has returned home from his cruise in command of the Channel Squadron. He arrived at Spithead on Monday night with a portion of the Squadron, and came up to town next day, leaving to join the Duchess at Eastwell immediately after reporting himself at the Admiralty. The Duchess shortly expects her youngest brother, the Grand Duke Paul, on a visit.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught have gone to the hills for the hot season.—It is reported that the Prince of Bulgaria, younger brother of Prince Louis of Battenberg, wishes to marry the Princess Victoria, second daughter of the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, but that Emperor William refuses his consent. The German Empress is so far better as to be able to leave for Baden-Baden.



THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, the Duke of Devonshire, and Lord Ebury are among the distinguished persons who have recently joined the Wyclif Society in view of the celebration, on the 21st inst., of the fifth centenary of his death. The clergy and various Nonconformist bodies throughout the country are energetically promoting the Commemoration movement, subscriptions in aid of which the Lord Mayor has expressed his willingness to receive at the Mansion House.

LORD ABERDEEN is gazetted Her Majesty's High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

THE OXFORD HEADS OF HOUSES have appointed Archdeacon Farrar Bampton Lecturer for the ensuing year.

THE CONVOCATION OF THE PROVINCE OF CANTERBURY reassembled on Tuesday, when in the Upper House the recent case of the clergyman who, after returning from penal servitude, resumed ministerial functions was discussed. A Committee was appointed to consider the whole subject, including that of "occasional pulpit help."

AT A CONFERENCE on behalf of the Bishop of London's Fund, the Bishop reported a falling-off in the subscriptions, which were 18,489*l.* this year, against 20,834*l.* last year. Much had been done; but upwards of twenty new churches were required in the suburban districts. Suggestions were made by some of those present with a view to bring the fund prominently before the public.

PRESIDING at the thirty-fifth anniversary of the Irish Church Mission Society, Lord Cairns said that the state of Ireland in late years, whatever the anxiety caused by it, had produced an unexampled readiness on the part of the people to listen to the Word of God. They had never been so free from spiritual thralldom. The work done in Dublin by the Society, especially in education, was marvellous.

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING of the London City Mission the Report presented stated that the total contributions of the last year, 62,970*l.*, was the largest sum ever received by the Society during any one year. The Lord Mayor, who presided, said that the bulk of the population could only be reached by such personal visitation as that of the Society, which had therefore a first claim on Christian people in London. Its unsectarian character gave it a further claim.

IN A PASTORAL LETTER appealing to his flock to aid in the ecclesiastical education of his Archdiocese, Cardinal Manning indicates the increase in it of priests from 113 to 283, and the doubling of the number of priests in England between the years 1850 and 1875.

THE FIFTY-SECOND ANNUAL SESSION of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, under the presidency of Dr. Parker of the City Temple, began on Monday, when the Report presented showed to March 31st a total of 305,674*l.* promised towards the Jubilee Fund. On Tuesday Dr. Parker delivered an address on the "Orthodoxy of the Heart," in which he dwelt on the importance of the religious press, remarking that the general press hated the month of May, and issued to all May Meeting reporters the order, "Cut it short." He condemned the indiscriminate abuse heaped at these meetings on such agnostics and scientists as Herbert Spencer, John Stuart Mill, Darwin, Huxley, and Tyndall, whose solidity of character and beneficence of service it would be impertinence to praise. Orthodoxy of heart not only tolerated but necessitated an evangelistic feeling towards those who stood apart from the Church of Christ.

ACCORDING to the REPORT presented at the Tenth Meeting of the Christian Colportage Association, established to counteract the dissemination of impure literature among the masses, the Association has sold since its establishment 146,000 copies of the Old and New Testaments, and nearly three millions of books and magazines religious in tendency, of a total value of about 65,000*l.*

ON MONDAY the old burial ground of the parish church, High Street, Lambeth, was publicly dedicated to its new use—that of an open space for the benefit of a densely-crowded neighbourhood.



ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Madame Albani made her *reentrée* on Saturday, as Violetta in *La Traviata*, and met with the enthusiastic reception—with its accompaniments of bouquets and baskets of flowers—usual on first nights. The Canadian *prima donna* was in her best voice. Signor Cotogni, who appeared for the first time since his accident, was also accorded a flattering reception, while, on the other hand, Signor Marconi was a feeble Alfredo. On Monday Madame Pauline Lucca gave her powerful rendering of the part of Marguerite in *Faust*, but here again the support was not equal to the Covent Garden standard. On Tuesday Madame Sembrich reappeared in *Lucia*. Mr. Mackenzie is still busily rehearsing *Colomba* for Madame Lucca, and Reyer's *Sigurd*, for Madame Albani, is already in choral rehearsal. Madame Patti has selected *La Traviata* for her *reentrée* on June 14th.

BRAHMS' THIRD SYMPHONY.—The new Symphony in F by Johannes Brahms, originally produced by Hans Richter at the Vienna Philharmonic last December, and given for the first time in England at the Richter concert last Monday, will probably prove the most important symphonic novelty of the present season. Unlike most composers, whose works of their maturity become more and more complex, Brahms obviously aims to make his third symphony simpler than his second, even as the second was far less intricate than his first. The symphony is in the usual four movements, of which the first, an *allegro* in F is by far the most important. It owes a great deal of its effect to a beautiful theme of a pastoral character, which forms what is technically known as the "second subject." The *andante* in C is simplicity itself, and as the famous Viennese critic, Hanslick, says, it might almost be a part of one of Brahms' serenades. The third movement, an *allegretto* in C minor, stands in the place of the *scherzo*, which, however, it in no way resembles. It is scored for a small orchestra, two horns being the only brass instruments employed, and, perhaps for its brevity, perhaps for its beauty, it was on Monday redemanded. To perform it a second time was, however, an obvious artistic mistake. The *finale* and *allegro* in F minor is somewhat spoilt by a tame conclusion in which muted violins bring the symphony placidly to an end. The ingenuity of Brahms' workmanship and the variety of resource displayed, may be imagined by those acquainted with the orchestral music of the man who is now, by general consent, placed at the head of living German composers.

THE ENGLISH OPERA.—The Carl Rosa opera season was brought to a termination on Saturday, when the *impresario* directed a performance of *Il Trovatore*, with Madame Marie Roze and Mr. Maas in the chief parts. At the conclusion of the performance Mr. Harris announced from the stage that he had that day signed a contract for the return of the company next Easter, when a new opera by Mr. A. C. Mackenzie, and a new opera on a Russian subject by Mr. Goring Thomas, are expected. It is stated that during the present season Mr. Carl Rosa has attained a greater financial success than he has ever before gained in London. His high services to Art may be summed up in the sentence, that he is fast forming a complete repertory of new operas by native composers.

THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.—The details of the Birmingham Festival of 1885 were settled at the meeting of the committee on Friday. The novelties will be M. Gounod's oratorio, *Death and Life*, to be produced on the Wednesday evening, and repeated on the Friday evening; Dvorák's cantata, *John Huss*, Mr. F. H. Cowen's cantata, *The Sleeping Beauty*, a new violin concerto by Mr. A. C. Mackenzie, Dr. Villiers Stanford's cantata, *The Three Holy Children*, and Mr. Anderson's cantata, *Yuletide*. The general programme will include *Eljah*, *Messiah*, Schumann's *The Singer's Curse*, Mr. Prout's Organ Concerto, the *Choral* and *Jupiter* Symphonies, Beethoven's Violin Concerto, and selections from *Tristan*



(Continued on page 486)





JUDAH PHILIP BENJAMIN, Q.C.  
Died May 6, 1884



MRS. DE ROEPSTORFF  
Who Courageously Assumed the Charge of the Nicobar Islands  
on the Murder of her Husband



MR. DE ROEPSTORFF  
Shot Dead by a Havildar while in Charge of the  
Nicobar Islands

#### MR. BENJAMIN, Q.C.

Few men of modern times have passed through a more remarkable career than that undergone by the late Mr. Judah Philip Benjamin. His parents were English Jews, who resolved to seek their fortunes in the New World. In 1811 they sailed for New Orleans, but finding the Mississippi blockaded by a British fleet (the war between England and the United States was then imminent), the vessel put into St. Croix, one of the West India Islands, then a British, though now a Danish possession.

At St. Croix Judah Benjamin was born, and passed the first four years of his life. Then his family settled at Wilmington, North Carolina. He studied at Yale College, and afterwards in an attorney's office in New Orleans. When quite a youth he compiled a digest of the reported cases in the local Court. The scope of this was afterwards extended, and it became a standard work. Young Benjamin soon rose to legal eminence. His clear, silvery voice was heard, and his bright-eyed resolute face was constantly seen in the Courts. He was engaged in all the leading cases, and, at a later date, in the investigation of the intricate Spanish land-titles in California. He was also an active politician, and became a Senator of the United States.

When the Civil War broke out in 1861, Mr. Benjamin warmly espoused the Southern Cause, and was made by President Davis Secretary of State for War, a most onerous post, which he held

until the collapse of the Confederacy. "He had impressed me," says Mr. Davis, "with the lucidity of his intellect, his systematic habits, and his capacity for labour."

After a number of adventures and hairbreadth escapes (resembling a series of incidents from one of Mayne Reid's novels) Mr. Benjamin found himself in England, where he at once began to study for the Bar, and was called in 1866. The failure of Overend and Gurney's bank during this year swallowed up what small remainder of his fortune he had saved out of the Confederate débâcle. But he was an undaunted, as well as a very clever man, and though fifty-five years old when he became an English barrister, he speedily achieved a great success, making an income of some 15,000*l.* a year. His chief strength lay in arguments depending on the scientific treatment of legal questions, and he wrote a book, commonly called "Benjamin on Sale," which has become a legal classic.

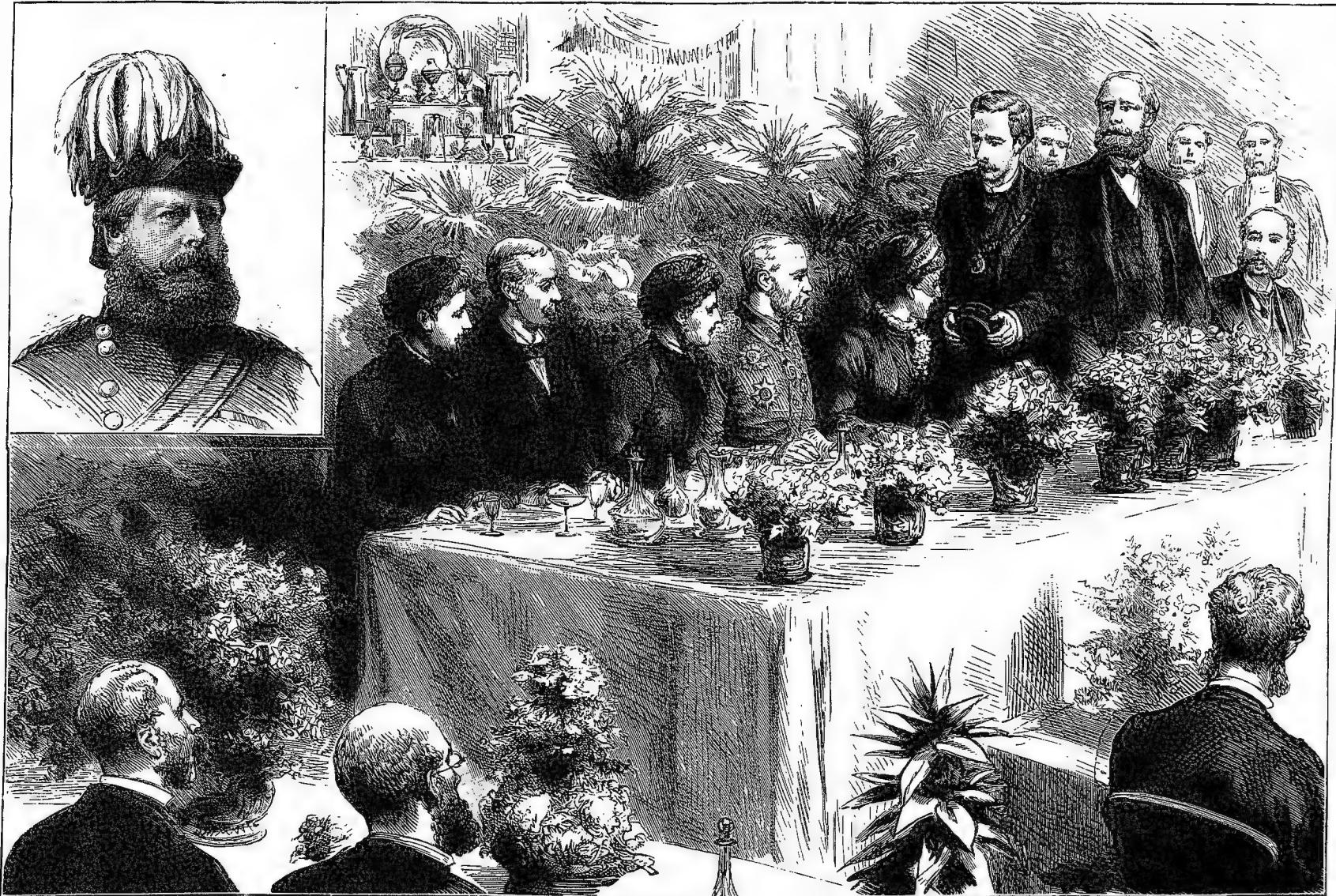
For several years past his health had been declining, and last year he retired from the Bar, on which occasion his professional brethren gave him a memorable banquet in the Inner Temple Hall. He had always been fond of Paris as a place of temporary resort, and he now settled there permanently. He died there on Tuesday, May 6th. He was a most hardworking and able, and at the same time a most amiable and unassuming man. To the last he remained faithful to "the lost cause" of the Southern Confederacy.—Our portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

#### MR. AND MRS. DE ROEPSTORFF

At the end of October last Mr. de Roepstorff, an officer of Danish origin, in the political service of the Government of India, was killed by a Havildar of the Madras Native Infantry, who immediately afterwards committed suicide. This tragical event took place on one of the Nicobar Islands, where Mr. de Roepstorff was Officiating Second Assistant-Superintendent. There was no other European officer on the station; and, upon the murder of her husband, Mrs. de Roepstorff took charge of the island. For this she was thanked in a special despatch by Lord Ripon, the Governor-General of India. After speaking of her husband as "an energetic and useful officer," his lordship comments on the "courage and devotion shown by her in a time of such great grief in maintaining, alone and unaided, order in the settlement, from the moment of her husband's death until the arrival of aid."

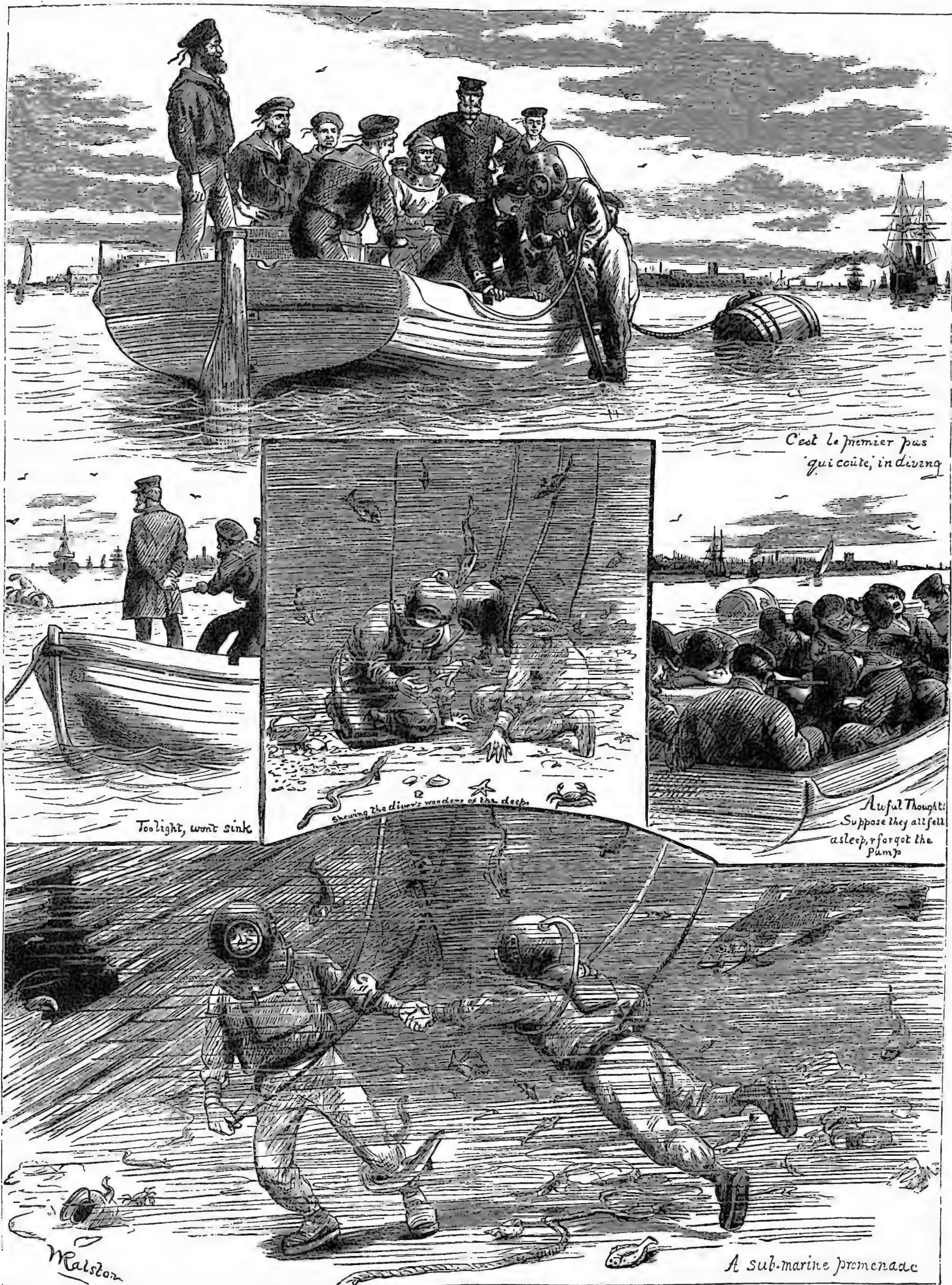
It is interesting to know that Mrs. de Roepstorff, before returning to her native land (she is herself a Danish lady), has been devoting all her energies to the completion of a grammar of the Nicobarese language, and of a translation of the New Testament into the same tongue. This, she thinks, is the best monument to the memory of her husband, who had nearly completed these works at the period of his untimely death.—Our portraits are from photographs: that of Mr. de Roepstorff by Hansen and Weller, 15, Ostergade, Copenhagen; that of Mrs. de Roepstorff by P. Most, Kongens Nytorv, Copenhagen.

H.S.H. Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar



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*C'est le premier pas  
'qui coûte,' in diving*

*Toolight, won't sink*

*Showing the diver's wonders of the deep*

*Awful Thought:  
Suppose they all fell  
asleep, & forgot the  
pump*

*A sub-marine promenade*

THE EXPERIENCES OF AN AMATEUR DIVER



OPEN AIR MUSIC FOR THE PEOPLE AT SMALL COST, of which London enjoys so little in comparison with other capitals, has been so satisfactorily provided by the Park Band Society during the last two summers that it seems a great pity that the Society should be compelled this year by lack of funds to give up the week day performances, and confine itself to Sunday concerts. Last year, while the expenditure was increased considerably by more frequent performances, additional players, &c., the receipts materially declined, owing, it is thought, chiefly to the counter-attraction of the Fisheries Exhibition, as on Sunday, when that exhibition was closed, the receipts rose again. Accordingly, considering the state of the finances, and the probable attraction of the International Health Exhibition, the Society this summer can only provide bands on Sunday afternoon in Hyde and Victoria Parks, while, if sufficient contributions are forthcoming, they will arrange for Sunday bands in West Ham and Southwark Parks—poor districts, where such a boon is greatly appreciated. Though a quarter of a million persons occupied 1*d.* seats and bought 1*d.* programmes last year, many abstained who could afford the outlay, while on the other hand vast numbers of the poorer classes stood outside the enclosure enjoying the music free during the 159 performances given by the Society's three bands. Nowadays, when the wholesome recreation of the people is a matter of so great interest, surely no further pleading is necessary to induce the wealthier classes to assist so excellent a cause by sending donations to the Secretary, H. Ancketill, Esq., at the Office, 14, Albert Mansions, Victoria Street, S.W.



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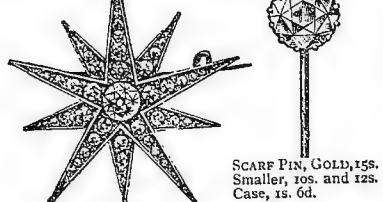
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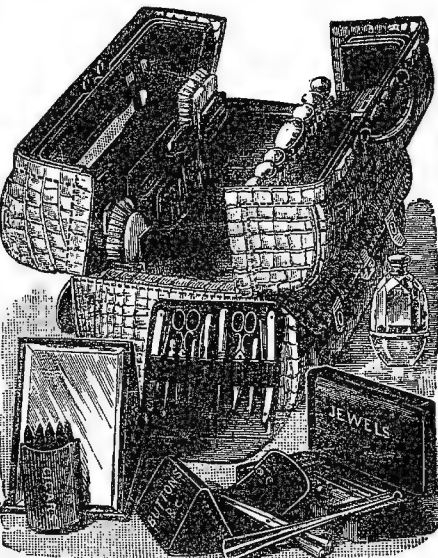
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HOLME TWENTYMAN, J.P., D.L., of Ravensworth, St.  
John's Wood Park, in the 82nd year of his age.

On the 14th inst., at 12, Bingley Street, Caledonian  
Road, N., ELIZABETH, wife of Mr. T. S. SMITH,  
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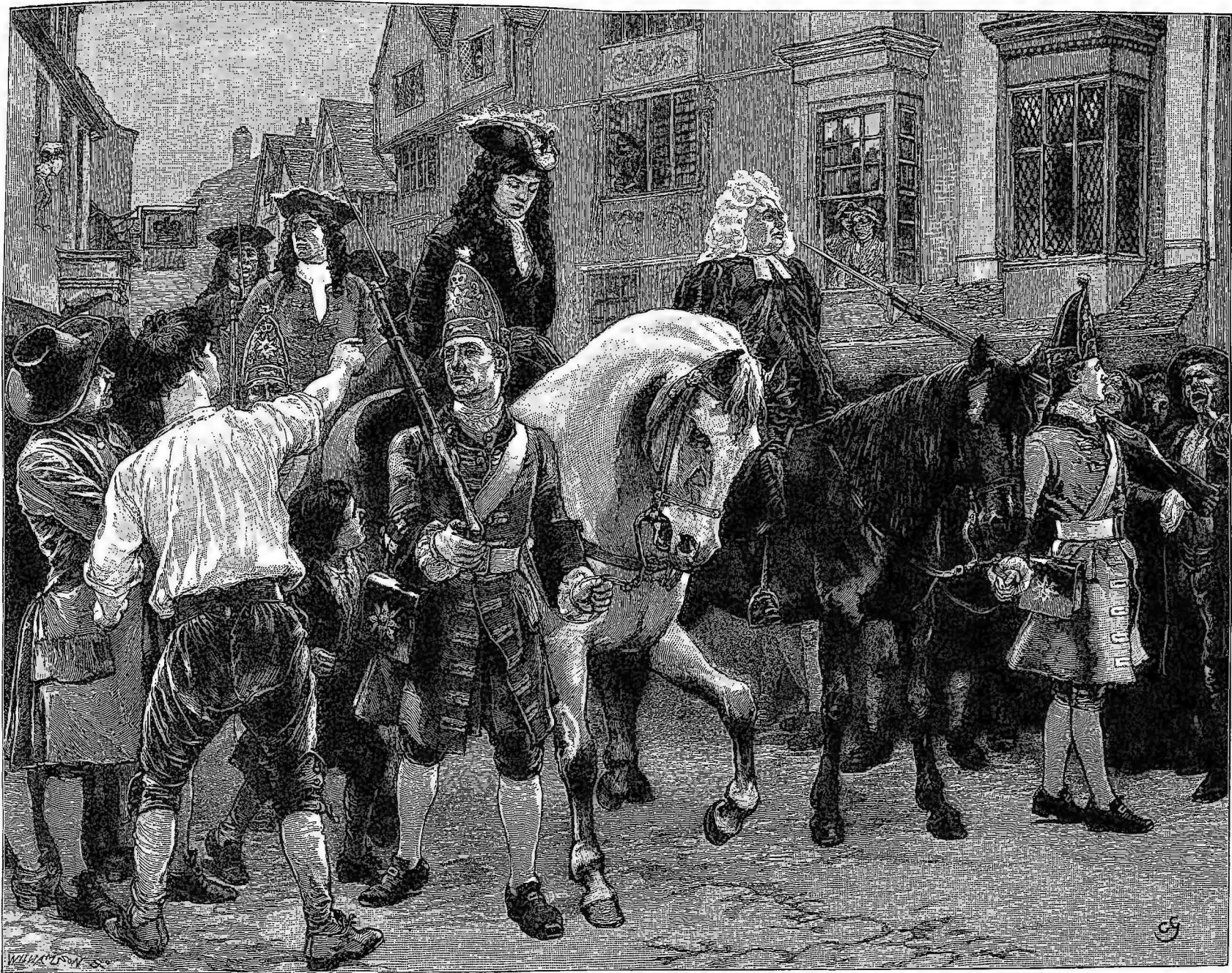
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guineas. A variety of Early English and other Designs  
in Spanish Mahogany, Walnut, or finest carved Oak,  
from 25 to 50 guineas.—OETZMANN and CO.





DRAWN BY CHARLES GREEN

"He sat with hanging head, his hands tied behind him, his cheek pale."

## DOROTHY FORSTER

By WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," "THE CAPTAIN'S ROOM," "THE REVOLT OF MAN," &c., &c., &c.

### CHAPTER XXVII. TO LONDON

"It is certain," said Mr. Hilyard, "that the Lords and the Chiefs will be taken to London, there to be tried for high treason. That it was already decided I heard from two King's officers, who came to the shop for a plaister on Monday afternoon."

This made me think that, if one were to help Tom, it must be in London, and I presently resolved that somehow I would get me thither. To be sure, it was a great journey for a woman to undertake, and that in winter. But it must be done. Mr. Hilyard was going to Stene. I would go with him so far; after that by myself, if necessary, or under such charge as Lady Crewe would assign to me, and to such a house as she would recommend to me. On this I quickly resolved, and was determined. As for Lord Crewe's help, on that I built little, because it needed not a politician to perceive that one of his Lordship's history and known opinions would have small interest in a Whig Court. Yet when a man is so highly placed he must have friends, cousins, and old acquaintances on both sides. "Add to this," said Mr. Hilyard, "that to-day my turn; to-morrow yours! The great Whig Lords are not too certain of their seats."

When, however, I told Mr. Hilyard that I was resolved to go, I had the greatest trouble with him. For, first, he maintained stiffly that it would be impossible to take me with him on account of the weather, it being already the middle of November, the days growing short, and the roads so heavy that no one could expect the coach or any waggons would run. Moreover, there had already fallen so great a depth of snow as I have never seen in, since, inasmuch that Hexham Moor was four or five feet deep in it, and in the drifts much deeper. No one, he said, ought to travel in such weather but those who are young, strong, and fear not the cold. I replied that I was both strong and young and fearless of cold. Next, as to other dangers, he was himself well known in these parts, as having been in the service of Mr. Forster, both the Elder and the Younger, for fifteen years; during that time having met with many people and made many acquaintances. It also was very well known that he went out with his Patron. This being so, what if he were arrested and imprisoned, and I left alone on the road? I replied that such a thing would be most dreadful, and must therefore be guarded against by some disguise or invention, the nature of which I would leave to his skill. "Why," he said, smiling, "as to that, I doubt not that I could dress up so as to defy them all; but there is also yourself. Will it be wise,

think you, men's minds being in a tumult, to proclaim aloud that Miss Dorothy Forster, sister of General Forster, is going to London in order to get off her brother, if she can in any way prevail? There must be disguise for you, as well as for me, if you will go."

"Indeed, I shall go," I replied, "nothing else will content me; and I trust to you to bring me safe to town; disguise me as you will. Why, Mr. Hilyard, who is there to work for Tom but myself?"

"There is Lady Crewe," he said. "And, truly, I know not what you could do in London."

"Yes, Mr. Hilyard, by your leave I could be doing something. I could see Tom, and do what is told me. Surely he has friends in London."

"Surely he has; but I fear that they are all on the wrong side, like Lady Crewe herself. Have you no cousins among the Whigs?" Cousins I had, plenty as blackberries, but all were honest Tories. Stay, there was one; but I had never seen her. She was Mary Clavering, who made a great match, and married Lord Cowper.

"Lord Cowper? Lord Cowper?" cried Mr. Hilyard. "Why, he is Lord Chancellor. If Lady Cowper is your cousin, the business is as good as done. But yet, I know not. She cannot ask for many; and there is Mr. Clavering of Callalee a prisoner. Still, there is one friend at Court for us. If we only had the money (but perhaps his Honour's friends in London will find that) to grease a few palms, I should not despair. Miss Dorothy, if you are brave, and feel strong enough, come to London with me, in the name of God."

Then he began to plan disguises; and first he thought he would become a clergyman, and I his daughter—then he walked about, puffing his cheeks and smacking his protruded lips, like one of those reverend gentlemen who think too much of the fleshpots and the flask. (While thus acting, he looked for all the world as if he wore a cassock.) But that plan pleased him not, on consideration, because he remembered that it is a long way to London, that accidents might happen on the road, and he be called upon to read the service appointed for the sick, to console and fortify the dying, even to administer the Holy Sacrament, which would be a most dreadful and unpardonable sin; and yet, if he refused, he must needs confess the cheat, and so be haled to prison, or whipped out of the town as a rogue, and very likely I with him. No; that would not do. Then he thought that he would be a physician, and his face became long, and he carried his nose in the air, and one seemed to perceive the smell of drugs, as is generally the case with these gentry. "Why," he said, "truly, I

am already somewhat skilled in medicine, having once when young read for curiosity the works of Celsus, Galen, and Avicenna, and could easily pass for a physician until I fell in with a brother of the mystery, when, for lack of the current coin of speech and the jargon of the trade, every craft having its own manner of speech, I should certainly be discovered."

Then he laughed, for a new idea occurred to him, and he begged me to excuse him for a few minutes. So he left the room. Presently a step outside and a knock at the door. Wonderful is the power of a mime! It is needless to say that I knew Mr. Hilyard under his disguise, but I also knew, which is much more to the point, for whom he wished to be taken. There is in the village of Bamborough an honest blacksmith named John Purdy, of as old a family as our own, because if we have been Forsters of Etherston from time immemorial, the Purdys have been village blacksmiths for as long (one of them joined the insurgents at Kendal for no other reason than because Mr. Tom was the General, and afterwards for his trouble got sent to Virginia, where he presently was set free, and is now doing well). John Purdy was a man of forty, short and square built, who went lame by reason of an accident in his prentice days. He wore a handkerchief tied round his head, and over that a great flapping hat, and in his hand always a stout ashen staff. Such as he was so was Mr. Hilyard, a simple tradesman, honest to look at, and not ashamed of himself, knowing his duty to his betters. Why, Mr. Hilyard looked almost too much of a village blacksmith. He had no occasion to carry a hammer; there was across his face a grimy stain of oil or grease; his hands were rusty with iron stains; his flapping hat was over the red handkerchief; his neck was wrapped in wool.

"Will this do, Miss Dorothy?" he asked with pride; and as he spoke his face became square like the face of John Purdy, his mouth set firm, and his nose long and straight. "Will this do? I am now a North-country blacksmith; I am going to Durham to seek for work with my sister, who is a handy girl, knows her place, and is respectful to her betters. At Durham we shall be going to Newcastle, at Newcastle to York, and at York to Durham. It is a truly admirable disguise. I am safe, unless they ask me to make a horseshoe." His spirits, which had been desponding, rallied again at the prospect of riding to London and play-acting all the way.

I asked him when the prisoners might be expected to arrive in London.

"Justice," he said, "is not only blind, but lame. That is why she goeth so slowly. But I see no reason why the prisoners should be kept at Preston. They will ride by easy stages, perhaps ten or



twelve miles a day; and it is three hundred miles or so. If I were his Honour or Lord Derwentwater, I would try whether a clean pair of heels would not be more to the purpose than Court influence."

"But suppose they are too well guarded."

He laughed. "You cannot," he said, "guard a man who resolves to escape, and hath the wit. Oh, Lord! everything is possible to him who hath the wit."

"Then, Mr. Hilyard, why have not you become a rich man?"

He might have replied that it was partly out of his fidelity to me and to mine; otherwise, had so ingenious a gentleman gone to London, he must, surely, have acquired great fame and riches.

We set off on our journey the next morning, in a terrible gale of wind and snow, through which nothing could have kept me up but a terror worse than that of a driving wind across a bleak moor. I had with me in my pocket all the money that I could find, amounting in all to no more than twenty-four guineas. I also tied up, in as small a parcel as I could make it, some of my fine things which I might want in London. These Mr. Hilyard made into a pack. He was dressed in a long brown coat of frieze, with long sleeves, which covered his hands, as well as gloves, and was, besides, muffled up about the neck and chin, so that certainly no one, with his flapping hat and his limp, would have recognised him. As for me, I was dressed like any plain village girl, with a hood and thick flannel petticoats. We were to ride the same horse (but that a good stout nag, easily able to carry both), I on pillion behind Mr. Hilyard; but the way was so bad, and the snow so deep, that I do not think the poor man rode fifty miles out of all the way between Blanchland to London. Often we both walked, one each side the poor creature, who picked his way slowly in the deep snow, and sank sometimes up to the girth.

"If we may believe in the intervention of Heaven," said Mr. Hilyard, "we might own that the wrath of the Lord is poured out upon us, for our Rebellion against the Protestant Succession, in snow and sleet, storm and rain."

"And yet," I replied, "there be many thousands in England who have not joined in the Rebellion: and for them, too, are the storm and snow."

"Yes; and David alone counted the people, yet the people perished."

Every day, and all day long, Sundays included, we continued our journey in such a winter as I hope never to see again. On the road we were in little danger: footpads would not attack a pair of poor country people: no one was likely to recognise either of us: the danger and the inconvenience were in the evening, when we had to find the rudest lodgings, avoiding the inns, unless we were compelled to go to them; and then Mr. Hilyard would be in terror, lest some one should offer a rudeness to me, whereby he would have to fight and create a disturbance, and be taken before a justice; and I in terror lest he should be carried away by his vanity, and begin to sing and to show his gifts and parts. But neither of these things happened. For myself, as soon as I had a bed, or a part of a bed, given to me (which was always among the maids and servants, as suited my pretended condition), I would go there and sit down, and to bed early, while the rest, men and women together, sat round the fire, my blacksmith being thought a surly fellow, who spoke little, though he was willing to drink with any who offered.

Once the night fell before we found a resting house, and we lost our way. Then, indeed, my brave companion and trusty friend, who had kept me in heart by his own courage, seemed to lose his courage suddenly.

"Alas!" he said, when I reproved him gently, "I know of dangers whereof you know nothing. We are now warm and not yet hungry, but we shall presently grow chilled with the terrible wind, and we shall grow hungry, and we shall yawn and feel a desire to fall asleep. But, mark you, if we fall asleep we shall die. Wherefore, if you see me growing sleepy or heavy, prick me sharply with a pin, and if you so much as yawn, think it not strange if I shake you by the shoulders.—It is related in Olaus Magnus how a company of sailors, going a-fishing about the North Cape (where live the little Lapps, and there are terrible sorcerers and magicians), were overtaken by a storm of wind and snow, and so lost their way, and presently fell a-yawning and so all to sleep save one, who kept himself awake with deep stabs and cuts of a knife, causing sore pains, so that if his eyelids fell, for mere smart he was sure to open them again—and so was at last picked up and recovered. But his companions sleep still, where they lie covered with snow and ice, and so will lie till the Day of Judgment. Miss Dorothy, 'tis an awful tale! Prick me sharply, I pray you, if I so much as offer to yawn."

The wind blew too cold in our faces, for me at least, to feel sleepy, or to think of yawning. But it was late, and the road grew worse, and I knew not whither we might be going.

The poor tired nag was walking now, and both of us at his head. There seemed no vestige of a road. The landscape on either hand, for it was a champaign country, lay stretched out white, covered with snow. The clouds had cleared away, and the moon was out; but not a barn, or a farmhouse, or a cottage in which we could seek for so much as a shelter in the straw. We plodded on, the horse lifting his feet with difficulty, and Mr. Hilyard, now in a kind of despair, begging me from time to time not to yawn, and to have a long pin ready.

Suddenly we saw before us a light, or lights.

"Is it a Will-o'-the-wisp?" I said. "Or it may be a fairy light. Sure nothing human could be out on such a night, except ourselves."

"I know not what it is," he said; "but I have two loaded pistols in the holsters, and, by your leave, I will have them in readiness, and there is also my cudgel; but I hope I shall not have to use it. Miss Dorothy, forgive me for letting you come with me on this wild-goose chase. I have lost my Patron, who will most surely be hanged, and drawn, and quartered; and now I have lost my mistress too. Robbed and murdered shall we surely be; but not before they have first killed me."

He was cold and faint for want of food, which made him afraid; but yet he was resolved to sell his life dear. We cautiously advanced in the direction of the lights, which were not flickering, like goblin fires, but steady. I walked beside him, leading the horse. When, presently, we came to the spot, we discovered that the lights came from three or four great covered carts, such as gipsies use. Mr. Hilyard shouted aloud for joy. "We are safe now," he said; "these people are true Romany."

It is truly wonderful to relate that these outcasts, whom the world regards with so much scorn, who have no knowledge at all of religion, duty, or morals, who live by pilfering and plundering, who, when caught loitering in a town, are whipped and clapped in the stocks, received us with the greatest kindness as soon as they discovered that Mr. Hilyard could talk to them in their own language.

The women took off my cold and wet stockings and shoes, brought me a pannikin of hot broth made with I know not what meats, but comforting; and then, because I was no longer able to hold up my head, they made me a bed of blankets on the floor of a cart, and so I slept till morning. Mr. Hilyard, I learned afterwards, was not so weary but he could sit up and feast and drink whisky with them, and talk to them in their own tongue, so that they took him for one of themselves, only disguised for sinful purposes of his own.

We parted from these humble friends with gratitude. I have never seen them since, but for their sake I regard this unhappy race of wanderers with compassion, and never see a caravan or a camp

without giving something to the women and a word of counsel, which I doubt is thrown away, unto the men.

"I have heard news," said Mr. Hilyard. "These people were, it seems, following the army when, like a mad dog which hath no purpose, we marched up and down the Border. They picked up all the things which we threw away or left behind, and now have stored up, against the time when they can find a market, a great quantity of guns and pikes gathered on the ground after each day's camp. Some of them came into Preston with us, but scowered, like me, after the surrender; some stayed with the enemy. One of them was sent by Lord Derwentwater to Dilston. The Countess instantly put together all the papers she could find, and gave them in charge to one of the cottagers whom she can trust. Then, with her children, she started for London."

Alas! those tender children.

"Lady Nithsdale," he went on, "is also upon the road. Heavens! it makes one's heart to bleed only to think of the anxious ladies who are toiling along this dreadful road amid these pitiless snows; and of the innocent children who will be robbed of their inheritance—and for what—for what? Will there ever come a time when mankind will cease to bring ruin, death, and misery upon their heads for the sake of princes—yea, and of princes who deserve nothing at their hands but contempt and deposition?"

He then began to harangue upon the wickedness, the tyranny, and the cruelty of kings from Nero to Louis le Grand; I think that his discourse lasted the whole day, and that he omitted no particulars of royal crimes. As to his charges against kings and sovereign princes I have nothing to say, except that we must take into account the fact that they are but men, and exposed to great temptations. Perhaps some day the world may happen upon a race of virtuous princes, in answer to the prayers which loyal people so continually send up to the Throne. But to rail at Kings as if we could do without them is to rail at a Divinely-appointed institution, and, therefore, hath in it something of blasphemy, for which I rebuked this too daring speaker. But he laughed, asking what I knew of Divine Right. Now, when you ask a woman concerning the foundations of her faith, you put a question which she cannot answer, because she must needs believe what she has been taught. But if there were to be no kings, what would become of the virtue of loyalty, and for what purpose was it implanted in the heart of man? Strange that so good a Tory should become every day, the nearer we got to London, more of a Whig!

I think, however, that Mr. Hilyard's peevishness about Kings sprang from the bitter weather, which made his nose so blue and his hands so cold that he must needs find vent in ill temper against something. Surely there never was so cold a winter or such dreadful weather for those poor ladies who, like myself, were travelling up to London on behalf of the prisoners. When we reached York, after six days of the greatest hardships that I ever endured, I was fain to get to bed, and stayed there from Saturday afternoon till Monday morning. Here Mr. Hilyard resolved to put aside the Northumbrian way of speech, and became a Yorkshireman. No one, however, suspected us or asked any questions; nor was any insult offered to me, as Mr. Hilyard feared might happen. I think, for my own part, that the common sort of English, everywhere, as well as in Northumberland, though rude and rough, do not insult women. This savage vice is reserved for those gentlemen who scour the streets at night, and intercept solitary passengers in unfrequented parts.

At York Mr. Hilyard cast about for a waggon which might be going to London, but there was none; the weather being so bad that no cart or waggon could take the road. While we were there Mr. Hilyard learned that the unfortunate Countess of Nithsdale, going up to London on the same errand as ourselves, would not stay for the weather to break, and the coach to start, but was riding on with all speed.

"She is a great lady," said Mr. Hilyard, "daughter of Lord Powis, whom King James at St. Germain's made a Duke; one of her sisters is the wife of Lord Montague; she hath cousins on both sides, yet I doubt if they will avail her aught."

"If she have so many cousins," I said, "and yet cannot wait for the weather to break, how much more should I push on, who have so few to help?"

He made no objection to this, and we left York the next morning, though the snow was still so deep that not only the stage, but even the post was stopped. But there was one happiness, that the road grows easier and smoother with every mile that one gets nearer London, and there are many more inns of all kinds, especially of those frequented by cattle-drovers, waggoners, carters, carriers, and handicraftsmen going from town to town upon the way; therefore suitable for a blacksmith going to London looking for work, with his sister looking for respectable service. These places were rough, and the food was coarse, like the talk; yet they were safe for us. Now I remarked, not once or twice, but everywhere along the road, that the common people, who talked about nothing but the Rebellion, were one and all hot for the Protestant Succession. I heard it everywhere declared that the intention of the Prince was to introduce the Pope and the Roman religion, with the Inquisition, the rack, stake, thumbscrew, and all the tortures of which they had heard. As soon as he was firmly on the throne all good Protestants would be sent to the flames, after having their limbs cruelly racked and twisted. I know not what may have been the opinions of the country gentlefolk, but as regards the common country people there could be no doubt whatever. Nothing could be held in greater abhorrence by them than a Popish Sovereign. I shuddered, too, at their bloodthirstiness. The gallows was too good for such traitors and villains as Lord Derwentwater and General Forster; the most exquisite tortures should be prepared for them, every man loudly expressing his willingness to administer them, so that it was shocking to hear them talk. And then most pious ejaculations for the safety of Mother Church interlarded with the most desperately profane oaths! Mr. Hilyard seemed to take a pleasure in encouraging this cruel and sanguinary talk, and, when I reproached him with it, excused himself partly on the ground that he dared not even be suspected of Jacobite principles, lest all should be discovered, and therefore he fell in with their mood; and next, that many of those who were loudest in their talk were, he thought, secretly on the Prince's side, but afraid of betraying themselves, and that it amused him to watch their anxiety to seem on the safe side. "But," he said, "doth not this show the madness of our late attempt? What is it like—and on which side—the voice of the country of which we have heard so much? Where are those hearts which were said to be beating for the Prince?"

He could not contain his indignation and wrath at the folly which had plunged us all in such misery, but inveighed without ceasing at the cruelty and recklessness of those in London who caused the whole business. But when he perceived that his words sank so deep in my heart, that I was falling into a kind of despair, he changed the talk, and would speak no more in this gloomy way of the Rising or its consequences. On the contrary, he assumed the bearing and manner of one who is on a pleasant journey. Though each step was in three feet of snow, and we made no more, but sometimes much less, than two miles in an hour, he laughed and sang as he went, inasmuch that I should have thought him wanting in sensibility had I not perceived that he was playing a part in order to divert my thoughts. And always—can I ever be sufficiently grateful to him, or pray earnestly enough for his spiritual and temporal good?—careful for such comfort and alleviation as he could procure

for me, bargaining when we stopped for a good bed for me, and if possible a bed in a room by myself with no other women, because these were sometimes rough and rude; and at York he bought a great soft rug, which he tied upon the saddle in such a way that he could fold it over and wrap my feet, which before had been almost frozen. He carried with him always a bottle of cordial, or strong waters, with which to refresh me (and himself also) when I was faint. As for the fatigue of the journey, that had to be borne with patience, but the suffering—nay, the torture—he endured for himself without repining, though he relieved it for me. Truth to say, it was a fearful journey; for the sun never once showed his face, nor did the snow cease falling, or the frost cease to continue, or the cold wind of the north to change. All the towns were alike, and every village a copy of the village we passed two hours before—covered up with deep drifts of snow; so that not only did it seem to me as if I must spend the rest of my life in plodding through the snow, but as if I had never done anything else, the rest of it having been a dream. Further, I could not but feel, which Mr. Hilyard had put into my mind, as if Heaven itself was showing its displeasure at our enterprise. Could the Lord, after all, be on the side of an Usurper? If so, where was the Right Divine of which we had been told so much?

"It is by travelling," said Mr. Hilyard, cheerfully, diverting my thoughts, and pretending to enjoy the journey, "that we learn the world and watch the manners of men. I have always envied the great travellers of whom we read. Herodotus, Ulysses, Marcus Polus Venetus, Christopher Columbus, Sir Francis Drake, and others, though none of them, I think, had worse weather and worse roads than we. Therefore it is the greater merit to bear up cheerfully and keep up a brave heart as you do, Miss Dorothy"—here I lifted my head and pushed back my hood a little. Alas! the same falling of the snow, the same drifts against the trunks, the boughs drooping with the weight—when would this journey end? "Like them," Mr. Hilyard continued, "I would take ship and sail for distant islands, and resolve the many doubts which beset those who would construct the *mappe mundi*. Perhaps upon the way I should encounter Elias Artifex, the Wandering Jew, who must be by this time an accomplished geographer. Then I would learn whether there be a high rock of loadstone, or whether it be the pole star which causeth the compass to point one way; where is the kingdom of Prester John; whether the story of the great bird Rucke in Madagascar is true, and if he can of a verity carry an elephant; what is the cause of the Nile's annual rising, what of the currents in the Atlantic; what is the outlet of the Caspian Sea; whether Mount Caucasus be higher than the Pico of Teneriffe; whither go the birds in winter, and if it be true that in Muscovy is a race of men who sleep all the winter like dormice; where was the site of the Earthly Paradise; with many other great and important questions not to be solved except by travelling to those places." And so on, talking continually, and forcing me to listen, lest perchance I might fall into that kind of stupor of which during those days he was very much afraid.

In a word, it was the most fruitful journey ever woman undertook. Even now, I dream of it sometimes—and in my waking moments it seems to have been a dream—and always along that white silent and terrible road, there was present before my eyes the vision of a scaffold and a block, with the glittering steel of the axe, and in my mind the story of that Israelitish woman who spread sackcloth upon the rock, and watched there day and night, so that neither the beasts of the field nor the fowls of the air should touch the hanging corpses of her sons.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### LORD CREWE

So, at last, we came to Stene, my Lord's place in Northamptonshire.

Now, while we drew near to the Park gates, and were thinking how best to convey a message to her Ladyship, there passed out a gentleman of grave and reverend appearance, in cassock and full wig, whom I judged might be in the Bishop's service. So I stopped him, and asked him civilly if he was perchance his Lordship's Chaplain.

"I am," he replied, in some surprise at the question. "Why, my good girl?"

"Tell him, Mr. Hilyard," I said. "Tell him all."

"Sir," said Mr. Hilyard, "this young lady is not what she seems. She is Miss Dorothy Forster, sister of Mr. Thomas Forster, the Younger, who lately commanded the Rebel Army, and niece of Lady Crewe. We are on our way to London; but first she would have speech, if it may be, with her Ladyship."

"What!" cried the clergyman. "Have you not heard? Good Heaven! Her Ladyship hath been dead these six weeks and more!"

Dead! Lady Crewe was dead! Then was I friendless indeed.

"She died," he went on, "of a fit or convulsion, caused, we are assured, by her anxiety on learning that a warrant was out for the apprehension of her nephew. She never learned the news of his rising, which was kept from her by order of my Lord, for fear of greater anxiety. She died on the 16th day of October."

"The stars in their courses fight against us," said Mr. Hilyard, in consternation. "Terror ubique tremor, timor undique et undique terror."

"Who are you, sir, pray?" asked the Chaplain, astonished to hear Latin from the mouth of a blacksmith.

"I was formerly Mr. Forster's tutor, and have since been his steward. I am in disguise, partly because I also was with the insurgents, and am not desirous of being taken. But, sir, could we speak with his Lordship?"

"My Lord is much broken by the death of her Ladyship. Yet, I doubt not that he will receive her niece."

He took us into the Park, and so into the Hall of the house (a great and stately house it was, though not so fine as that of Bishop's Auckland or the Castle of Durham), and begged me to wait a few moments while he sought his Lordship.

Lord Crewe was sitting in his library in a high-backed armchair, a book on the table beside him, and a great coal fire burning.

"Come, child," he said, holding out both hands, "come; kiss me for thy dear aunt's sake. Thou hast heard my irreparable loss."

"I have just learned it, my Lord, to my infinite sorrow. For, oh! I have lost her to whom I looked for help at this moment, and she is gone; and I may now lose my brother, who is a prisoner, and on his way to London to be tried." And so, weeping and sobbing, I fell at his Lordship's knees.

"Ay," he said, laying his hand upon my head. "Weep and cry, child. Youth hath tears; age hath none. Life has nothing left for me: I have lost all, my dear. Thou art strangely like her when she was young. Stay with me awhile, and comfort me by merely looking upon thy face. Nay, I have heard of thy misfortunes. Tom is a prisoner. Fools all! fools all! Yet I warned him; I admonished him. This it is not to listen to the counsel of an old man. What would you do for him?"

"With permission, my Lord, we would go to London and try to save him," Mr. Hilyard replied.

"Who are you, sir?" he asked. "Oh, I remember now. It is the Terræ Filius. And how, Sir, doth so great and powerful a man as you propose to tear these rebels from the grasp of justice?"

"As yet, my Lord, we know not; but we hope that a way will be opened. There are, first, the chances in our favour. The Court may



take a lenient view, seeing that so many are involved; or there is the clemency of the King."

"Pass on to the next chance," said the Bishop. "Build not on the clemency of Kings."

"Why, my lord, if he is to be tried, there is not much more to be said. But, perhaps he may not be tried at all. A pardon might be procured by friends in high place."

"In this matter, Sir, look not to me for help. I am now old. All my friends, if I have any left, are on the other side."

"Then, my Lord, saving your presence, there are juries to be influenced—"

"They will not be so foolish as to try them by a jury."

"There are, my Lord, asking your pardon, guards to be corrupted, as has been done in many famous examples."

"Tush—tush—tell me not of these secrets. You will want money, Sir, and much money. Man, let me look at you full in the face. Your eyes seem honest. In these times, and in such service, the scarcity of honest men is lamentably felt. Yet you seem honest, and you have proved faithful. Suppose, Dorothy, child, I were to find you the money—doth Tom trust this man? To be sure, he would trust any man who offered. It is their easy temper, not their ill-fate, which hath ruined the Forsters."

"We have trusted him, my Lord, for fifteen years."

"Look ye, Sirrah!" his Lordship shook his long and lean forefinger in the face of Mr. Hilyard. "Look ye, if you now betray the trust, the malediction of the Church itself shall follow you to your death. And after," he added solemnly, "To do these things may require much money. He must be defended if he be brought to trial: if he never come to trial—How much money have you?"

"We had twenty-four guineas when we left Blanchland. We have spent six on the road. There are eighteen guineas left. It is all our stock."

"Eighteen guineas!" my Lord laughed. "It is a goodly stock. Now, Sir, I will give you a letter to my agent and factor in London. He will provide you with all you want—understand, all! Do not be afraid to ask. My wife, the most beautiful and the most faithful woman in the world, is dead: alas! I, too, shall follow soon; my days will be few and full of sorrow—I am old—I am eighty-two years of age—my work is done—I have now nothing left but meditation and prayer." He went on in this way so that I thought his mind was wandering with age and trouble; but he did not forget what he designed to say. "Therefore, because she would have wished it, her nephew, who hath proved a fool and a companion of fools, shall not suffer, if I can help it, the just consequence of his folly. Go then, to this man of business, and let him know who thou art, give him my letter, and, when the time comes, ask boldly for as much as will be wanted—nay—if it cost ten or twenty thousand pounds he will give it thee."

"Oh, my Lord!" Mr. Hilyard fairly burst into tears. "This is princely generosity. I hoped for nothing more than a help to maintain my mistress in London. Why, with such help as this, his Honour is as good as free already." He knelt and kissed his Lordship's hand.

"Go, fellow," said the Bishop, not unmoved. "But remember, lest they say, as was said to Peter, 'Thou also art one of them.' Keep thine own neck out of the halter, if thou wouldst save Tom Forster's. And, as regards the money, waste not: yet spare not. Enough said. And now, Dorothy, if thou wilt stay awhile in my poor house, let me have thee clad in habits more suitable than these—"

"I thank you, my Lord, for all your kindness; but I cannot rest day or night until I am in London."

So we took our letter, with a full purse of money besides, and receiving the Bishop's blessing, went on our way. My aunt was dead: but her affection for her own family survived in the remembrance of her husband.

I never saw so great a change in any man as was wrought in Mr. Hilyard by the prospect of this money. He capered and leaped, he danced and sang upon the heavy road.

"Why," he said, "we are made men now! Let us rejoice. Let us concert our plans."

He devised a thousand plans, but none of them suited, and he began again every hour with a new one. Most, indeed, seemed to me as unreal and improbable as the intrigue of a comedy or the plot of a tragedy. He seemed to multiply difficulties in order to get rid of them by sudden surprises. Nevertheless it pleased him, and it beguiled the journey, which continued as cold as before, but was not so miserable, because we now had money and could dwell upon the future with a little hope. Indeed it passed all understanding to think that I started on this long and costly journey with such an end in view, and no more in money than twenty-four guineas! But then I only knew, concerning money, that, in Northumberland, with a guinea one can keep a household for nigh upon a month. As for money of my own, I never had any.

"With money, dungeons are opened, prison bars removed, and captives set free. With money, justice may be bought, as well as injustice. With money, good may be accomplished as well as evil. Why the history of the world is the history of Bribing. I could narrate endless examples—"

He did; and during several days he instructed me in the part which bribes had played in the progress of the world. So that in the end it seemed to me as if nothing, good or bad, had ever been accomplished without a bribe and a pretence. But such knowledge doth not tend to edification.

It was on the 9th day of December that we drew near to London. Now, as we walked along the road we became aware of a great stir and bustle, many men and women hastening southward, the same way as we were going, as if impelled by desire to see some wonderful show. The road was also covered with waggons, carts, and horsemen.

"This," said Mr. Hilyard, with pride, "is what happeneth daily in the great roads which lead to London."

"Yes," I said. "But why do all the people wear favours?"

This he did not know; but he asked one, and presently came back to me with perturbed countenance. "Miss Dorothy," he whispered, "we are none too soon. This day the prisoners will be marched into London."

It was the very day when the procession of prisoners arrived. We were to see them pass, willy-nilly; for there was no turning back without exciting distrust, and the people were very fierce and angry. Mr. Hilyard even bought a favour for himself and another for me, to avert suspicion. Thus decorated, we followed with the stream of country people who flocked along the road. They were all going, we learned, to a place called Highgate, where there is a lofty hill from which London may be viewed (they say Whittington, while sitting here upon the grass, heard the bells of Bow calling him back), and they were flocking to see the most wonderful show for many a long year, namely, three hundred English gentlemen led in triumph along the way for the mob to jeer at and insult. Truly a magnanimous thing for a victor and a Christian King to command.

If the country people came to Highgate in their smocks, the town people came out in their greasy coats; there were thousands on the hill and on the slopes; where the road inclined downward through hedges and trees, now white and heavy with snow, we saw the mighty multitude rolling to and fro like waves near the shore, and heard them roaring like the waves that beat upon the rocks. Some standing near us said aloud that the prisoners would never reach the town, but be torn to pieces upon the road.

"Take courage," said Mr. Hilyard. "Look; there is a detachment of guards to convoy them safe, let the mob roar as loud as they please."

Presently I perceived the melancholy procession slowly coming towards us. Alas! alas! Was this the end? Was it for this that my Lady flung down her fan, and I with joyful heart applauded and approved the deed? They defiled slowly past us, riding two abreast, and divided into four detachments or companies. The arms of every man were pinioned behind him; his horse was led by a foot soldier carrying a musket with fixed bayonet; each division was preceded by a troop of horse with drawn swords, their drums insulting the unhappy prisoners by beating a triumphal march in derision.

As this miserable procession marched past the people crowded in on every side, crying out the most frightful imprecations, of which "Papists! Bloody Catholics and murderers!" were the least injurious. Most of the gentlemen thus insulted rode by proudly with head erect, as if they were in a triumphal procession. Was it possible, I asked myself, that Englishmen could thus come out to insult the fallen?

In the last division rode the English noblemen, and with them my unhappy brother. He sat with hanging head, his hands tied behind him, his cheek pale. Alas, poor Tom! What were his thoughts? "He knows not," whispered Mr. Hilyard, "of the letter in my pocket." Beside him rode Mr. Patten, his chaplain. He, for his part, seemed proud of his position; he looked about him cheerfully, and nodded his head to the crowd, which assailed him with the vilest language. "He is a brave man," said Mr. Hilyard. "It repents me that I called him Creeping Bob. I have forgiven him his Oxford business." As for Lord Derwentwater, he sat upright—his eyes bright, his cheek flashing, looking neither to the right nor to the left.

"Draw your hood closer," Mr. Hilyard whispered, "this rabble must not see your tears."

When the last of the Dragoons who brought up the rear had gone, the mob crowded in and ran along the road behind. There were left only the decent sort. One of these, dressed soberly in a brown coat, said to me, gravely:

"Young woman, this is a sorry sight, but yet a joyful for honest men. Remember that these men are the enemies of freedom. I desire not the blood of any man; but I pray above all things for continuance of liberty, especially of conscience and opinion. Keep thy tears, then, for a better cause."

"Alas! sir!" I could not refrain from saying. "What if a woman have friends—a brother, even—among them?"

"Madame," he took off his hat—"I ask your pardon, and I pray for a happy deliverance for your friend—or brother."

He went away, but this imprudence frightened Mr. Hilyard mightily, and he hastened to push on down the hill.

(To be continued)



It is improbable that a very large number of persons will feel themselves concerned with the motive of "Only Yesterday," by W. Marshall (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett). It is a novel with a purpose; and the purpose is to demonstrate that there is nothing wrong in receiving the interest of investments—nay, that it is exceedingly foolish to refuse to do so. We should not have thought that anybody out of a madhouse is of a different opinion; but Mr. Marshall tells us that he has known of such a case, and has probably therefore written his three-volumes to effect a single conversion to ordinary sanity. He exemplifies what comes of refusing to receive one's own income by means of an eccentric family named Meadows, who, though entitled to the revenues of invested trust funds to the amount of some thousands a year, prefer to sink into the depths of poverty and misery. It is true that Maud, one of the daughters, rebels against a system that kills her sister and nearly sends her brother to gaol; but the father, mother, and sister prefer their principle to their principal, and certainly come out, thanks to undeserved good fortune, triumphant in the end. There is a good deal of something more than mere eccentricity about the characters altogether. Mrs. Grace (to give her one of her names) is supposed to be drawn from the life, so far as her husband and her family are concerned; and, perhaps, that is one reason for its being, despite Mr. Marshall's best efforts, so entirely incomprehensible as it remains. However, there is a good deal of cleverness about the novel. Mr. Marshall feels very strongly indeed that people ought to receive their incomes, and is inspired by his earnest belief into a corresponding vigour of style. Altogether, the effect is that of a strong man dealing furious blows upon the air, in his efforts to prove what nobody will deny. Another piece of eccentricity, but of a much more profitable sort, consists in his taking for hero a young gentleman who, at one period of his career, is manager of the umbrella, corset, and underclothing department of a great Manchester draper. After all, the heroic qualities do not follow the laws of caste, and it is refreshing to be taken, in the search for them, out of the company of the virtuous peasant or the conventional rightful heir. That there is sufficient variety in the novel will be seen from its containing, by way of episode, a Spanish bull-fight very picturesquely described. We cannot quite make out what it has to do with the story: perhaps Mr. Marshall meant it for an additional illustration of human insanity.

The most striking incident in "Loved," by "G. L." (1 vol.: Remington and Co.), is a most extraordinary cure of a patient in the last stage of consumption, which gives the novel an altogether unique medical interest. It appears that a hospital physician has nothing to do but to find a charming young lady with a large fortune willing to bestow her hand upon the dying man; who will forthwith be restored, whatever the previous condition of his lungs, to complete health and vigour. The difficulty, of course, is to find the bride; but it seems that, according to the authority under consideration, there are rich testators whom the law permits to be foolish enough to make young ladies' fortunes conditional upon their finding any sort of husband before they are twenty-one, or some such age, and also that innocence and delicacy are perfectly compatible with marrying a hospital patient at his last gasp rather than risk the loss of a legacy. The subject is not agreeable, though the bride is punished for a season by falling seriously in love with the man she had meant to make her cat's-paw, while he is chivalrous enough to escape beyond seas so that he may not take advantage of the health which he has obtained from the marriage ceremony as from a charm. The lady, however, is not to be baffled by him in that way, and, after an ardent pursuit to Shanghai, all ends healthily, wealthily—wisely, we can scarcely say. "Loved" cannot be called a wisely-constructed novel, since its result is to disgust the reader with the character he is called upon chiefly to admire. Still there is enough novelty in the plot to distinguish the work from novels in general.

"The March of Loyalty," by Letitia M'Clintock (3 vols.: Tinsley Bros.), suffers in two ways—it may be considered, according to the tastes of the reader, either as a political novel spoiled by the intrusion of a sentimental love story, or else as an ordinary love story spoiled by the intermixture of Irish politics. Both elements are good enough in their way, but in Miss M'Clintock's hands they

do not mix well. Politically, she writes from the Orange point of view, so that the authoress of "The March of Loyalty" differs in one important respect from nearly every Irish novelist who has appeared—we were about to say from all, only that there may be exceptions which have escaped our memory. The fundamental principle of the ordinary Irish novel is that the Saxon mind is incapable of comprehending even the social alphabet of Ireland, partly out of perversity, but much more out of stupidity. This singular delusion is absent in the present case: possibly Miss M'Clintock's client, the landlord, finds it easier to state his case in intelligible terms than the other side find it to state theirs. When all is said, however, little if any new light is thrown upon the matter, and the Orange Lodges have yet to find their *sacer vates* in the regions of fiction. The best portion of the work is that which deals with the humours and squabbles of a decayed but genteel Irish colony in a little French country town, whither she conveys a family who have been ruined in the course of the land agitation. Of course this affords any amount of scope for somewhat tragic comedy, and though the authoress cannot be said to have taken full advantage of her opportunity, still she has succeeded quite sufficiently well. The principal characters of the novel, apart from their circumstances, are not interesting; their love affairs are altogether conventional, and there is a great deal too much padding. On the whole, however, it will have been seen that, allowing for the necessity of judicious skipping, there is a good deal in "The March of Loyalty" to attract more than one class of readers—especially if his political opinions are of a sympathetic colour. There are many, at any rate, who will take a personal interest in the subjects with which it deals.

We have received also the following novels and tales:—"Richer than Wealth" (3 vols.: Sampson Low and Co.);—"Her Washington Season," by Jeanie Gould Lincoln (Boston: J. R. Osgood and Co.); and "An Israelite Indeed," by V. Rouslane (Remington and Co.).



Of course every copy of the first edition of General Gordon's "Reflections in Palestine" (Macmillan) was sold off as soon as the work was announced. What we know of General Gordon's deeds makes us all feverishly anxious to gauge the thoughts of one in whom the nation has had such unlimited confidence. In himself the General has no confidence at all; he is only an instrument, guided from day to day, from hour to hour. The tone of these "Reflections" is exactly that of so many of his letters from the Sudan. The matter is partly mystico-topographical—he finds, for instance, in the Eastern hill, over against the Mount of Olives, "a rough resemblance to the human body laid aslant or askew as the victim was laid on the altar;" partly doctrinal, including a long discussion on the efficacy of the Sacraments. In regard to Baptism he is "low" enough to scandalise a Gorhamite. Of the Lord's Supper he takes a view which, though singular, is "high" in the extreme. "Eating" he believes to be the channel of blessing; "take, eat" exactly repairing the mischief done by the breach of the original commandment, "thou shalt not eat." The Fall is that episode in man's history which has fixed itself most forcibly in his imagination. All turns on this and on the provision made to repair it. Every page of the little book breathes simple faith, and that unquestioning obedience which comes of such faith. But, apart from the writer's name, there is nothing distinctive in these pages, unless it be the quaint humour which breaks out every now and then. Thus, speaking of the tongue as, in eating, the first member of sensation, he says, "The tongue is glib, serpent-like; and it is odd that women have it in such perfection, which none have ever doubted. It is their defence. The woman ate first, and the tongue is her particular forte. Yet, when women speak good, how well they speak out. They are on this point the salt of the earth."

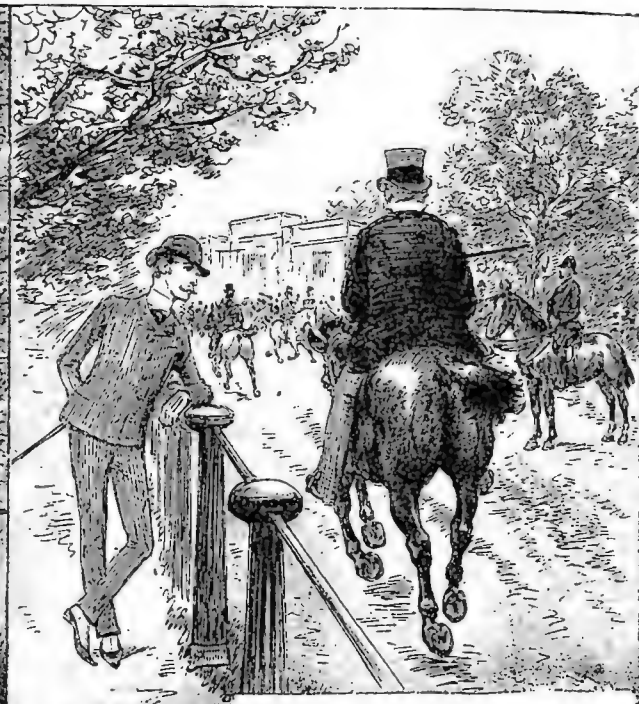
For fourteen years, Herr Moritz Busch has had the opportunity of studying "Our Chancellor" (Macmillan) with eyes of loving observance. The result, which he modestly calls "Sketches for a Historical Picture," takes up the story where Hezekiel so long ago left it, and fills two closely-printed volumes with Bismarckiana on every topic, from the ways of Providence to the best plan for bear-shooting. It is edifying to learn that Prince Bismarck ignores revenge, and wars only to secure peace, and that the "Professor's notion" of annexing Alsace and Lorraine because they once were German never entered his head. He took them because Strassburg and Weissenburg, "which runs up into Germany like a wedge," were a perpetual menace to the Fatherland. He thought of making them, with Belgium and Switzerland, a chain of neutral States; "but this would have left France free in the next war to ravage with her fleet the North German coast." Providence, the Prince holds, always brings out "potent personages, equal to dealing with extraordinary circumstances." We wish the "potent personage" able to tackle the Egyptian, or (let us say) the Irish difficulty, would not be so long in making his appearance. Bismarck believes in immortality; and, though not a regular churchgoer, he is tolerably exemplary for one who was known as *der tolle Junker* till his half-Quaker wife took him in hand; his "stomachic neuralgia" may be answerable for his occasionally gloomy thoughts about the thousands of families he has put into mourning; but he dispels such thoughts with the convenient formula: "That matter, however, I've settled with God." Though not strictly orthodox, he chose "In Trinitate Robur" as his motto, with allusion to the family trefoil-crest. "His sense of duty is old-Prussian, and he believes that something Eternal and alone Real reigns." Many will be glad to hear that when General Reille called on him after Sedan, "Daily Refreshment for Believing Christians" was lying on his table. He doesn't like the English Sunday—got scolded for whistling when he landed at Hull. His own farmers he allows to carry hay and corn on Sunday in catching weather. He can sacrifice his convictions to the welfare of the State, as in the matter of civil marriages; while the key to his conduct in the Kultur-Kampf, a warfare brought on by Popish efforts to Polish Silesia, is his feeling that for a State to be at peace with Rome is like squaring the circle—you can come very near it, that's all. Herr Busch takes great pains to show that the Chancellor is no anti-Semite, quoting the "utterance" (made, like several others, *inter pocula*, but none the less trustworthy) that "nothing could be better than to couple Christian stallions of German breed with Jewish mares, and so bring the Jews' money into circulation again." Our author is very reticent about the Von Arnim libels. From what he says about Bismarck's relations to Lassalle, his Socialist sympathies seem to amount to little more than a conviction that *employés* will accept less salary and work more cheerfully if they have a well-secured pension in prospect.

With a chorus of praise from more than a score of newspapers, Indian and English, comes out the second edition of Mr. Malabari's "Gujarat and the Gujaratis" (Education Society's Press, Bombay). It is really a delightful book, in which fun of all kinds, such as the Pickwickian "editorial scuffle," and the tricks whereby the Marwari, "who seldom smiles under 100 rupees, though the loss of a pie will bring tears to his eyes," and who, strictly orthodox, seldom visits his temple unless under the inducement of a dinner or a loan, climbs to wealth, alternate with too-truthful pictures of the miseries that come of child-marriages, e.g., "the cold suttee," which is simply poisoning

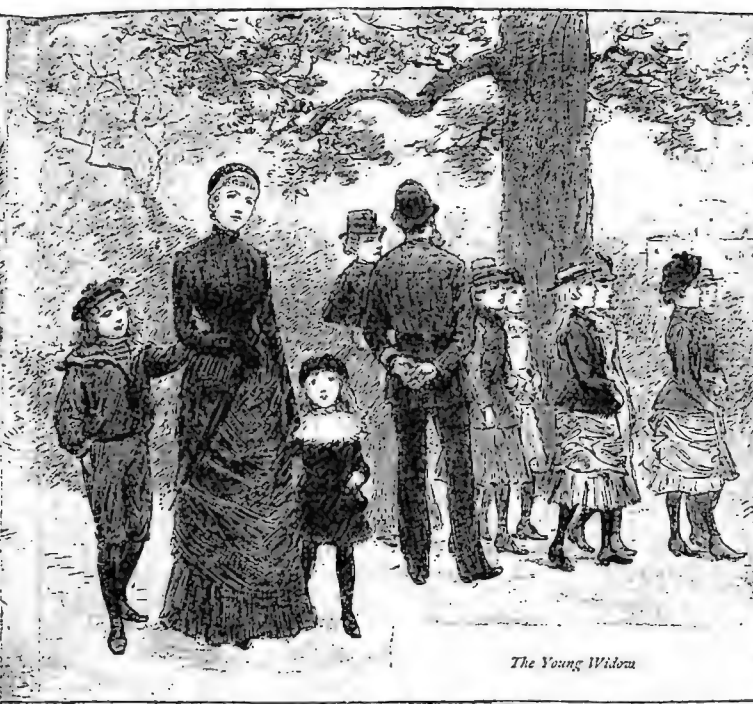




A Purely Accidental Meeting



Idleness on Foot—Industry on Horseback



The Young Widow



The Lady Help Scolding Her Young Charges



Bobby Admires, but dares not Flirt with the Lady Help



A Constitutional



She Regrets, for some Things, the old Perambulator Days



A Fresh Breeze on the Serpentine



Boots and the Swan

A Feminine Masher



the widow instead of burning her, and with pungent satire on the "glorious uncertainty" of the Small Cause Court. Mr. Malabari is a Parsi; and he feelingly discusses the question, "Are the Parsis deteriorating?" In Bombay he thinks they are, thanks to that wrong sort of female education which makes the wife an accomplished doll instead of a helpmeet. It is disheartening to find that the worst kind of natives often so "manage" their English superiors as to wriggle into wealth and power. Of this and its results Mr. Malabari gives some very unpleasant cases. He has a good word for the missionary, who, he believes, "will endure to the end of time," even should the Government of the country change. His only charge against him is that "though a man of infinite trust he is slow to trust the heathen." His style is very free from the usual faults of Baboo English. Altogether, the book ought to be widely read; for we can't have any complete knowledge of India without knowing something about it from a native point of view.

"High Life in France Under the Republic" (Vizetelly) consists of a series of articles by the late Mr. Grenville Murray. His Pistache, who follows (or rather leads) the Chantilly hunt on one of the Duke of Soubise's horses, is capital; and so is Gredon, alias Wiggins, who, moyennant 200,000 francs, gets adopted and thoroughly befuddled, despite his Yankee training, by the *soi-disant* Duke of Ponthrize. More serious matters are touched on in the chapter about Count Prégaland, whose son takes *au grand sérieux* his father's financial peccadilloes under the Empire. The whole story of Timoléon Tartine, winding up with the commission agent's episode, is excellent. These sketches well deserved reprinting from the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

In "Jesus, the Comforter: a New Imitation of Christ" (Simpkin, Marshall), the plan is very simple. At the top of the page a text in large type, then a brief explanation, and then a prayer or ejaculation in prose or verse. We cannot help asking what A' Kempis would have said to this comment on "In My Father's house are many mansions": "Room for all if they love one another. Jew, Mahomedan, or infidel, if you are loving, you also are a disciple."

The ninth volume of Mr. Gardiner's "History" (Longmans) gives the rise and fall of Strafford and details Charles's pitiable efforts to raise money for his Scotch wars. He even tried to squeeze the Catholics, who had their own Service dangled before them at the Queen's chapels, and if they swallowed the bait were punished for taking part in it. The preface to this volume is very interesting, for it gives the new authorities (Barberini Letters, &c.) which enable Mr. Gardiner to correct Forster's strange inaccuracy.

Dr. Ridge, in "Ourselves, Our Food, and Our Physic" (Higham), quotes Majendie, to the effect that physic is a humbug; and his own mode of treatment is in general wholly opposed to that of "the faculty." In inflammation, for instance, he laughs at the idea of linseed poultices or other hot applications, insisting that cold is the proper thing to reduce heat. Dr. Stretch Dowse, on the other hand, in "The Brain and the Nerves" (Baillière), holds with all the active remedies, believes in opium, in strong doses of the bromides, and even stands up for cupping, emetics, and blisters—everything but chloral. The value of blisters in nervous cases he specially insists on. Both books are well written, and will be very pleasant reading to those who do not fear to grow nervous by handling medical treatises. There is a vast amount of information in both; and Dr. Dowse's book, in particular, deals with a subject—nervous exhaustion—which, in various forms, touches the lives of so many of us that its comparative neglect by doctors is unaccountable. There is fun, too, in both books. Dr. Ridge tells how the negroes cure their scurvy by eating thrice-salted herrings. Dr. Dowse has a strange case of "Mimicry of Disease"—a man who took to vomiting whenever his wife was pregnant.

Mr. Alfred Marks has reprinted a Monograph which he read about two years ago before the Royal Society of Literature on the cartoon of St. Anne, belonging to the Royal Academy, and which is attributed to Leonardo da Vinci. He has treated the subject with much industry and ability, and its interest is enhanced by woodcuts representing this and several kindred pictures.

## ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS

### II.

AT the end of the third gallery hangs one of the best as well as one of the largest figure-pictures in the exhibition, entitled "A Bible Reading." It is the work of the American artist, Mr. E. A. Abbey, and represents a Puritan family of the seventeenth century listening to the exhortations of an energetic preacher. Among the party are two very pretty girls, one listening intently, and the other smiling at some passing thought, quite unconscious of the indignant anger with which a very austere old lady regards her levity. These, and the other actors in the scene, including two sedate elders and a little girl in her mother's lap, frightened apparently at the fierce gestures of the preacher, are depicted with discriminating skill, and with a keen perception of the expressiveness of unconscious movement. Another picture, also of large size, displaying expressive power, is Ludwig Passini's "Passeggio," showing a terrace overlooking the sea, with many figures. The most prominent of them is a rather obtrusively-dressed young woman with an enormous fan, who seems quite conscious of her own attractions, and whom some poorly-clad girls, knowing the obscurity of her origin, regard with a derisive smile. The subordinate figures are animated, and the picture throughout is skilfully executed, but the composition is rather too scattered.

Mr. Hugh Carter has a very truthful picture of English rural life, "Washing Day, Cornwall," and two Dutch interiors, full of genuine domestic sentiment, and painted in a charmingly simple and unaffected style; they are pure in tone, and free from the unnecessary ruggedness observable in most of his previous works. Mr. W. Small's picture of an Irish peasant and his wife heavily laden, "Returning From Market, Connemara," is marked by beauty of colour and unexaggerated force of effect as well as great power of characterisation. By the same artist there is a very powerfully painted landscape study, "A Highland Stream," in which all the varied tints in the moss-covered rocks and the foliage are rendered with absolute fidelity and surprising skill. "One of the Welsh School," by Mr. Arthur Stocks, is a strikingly characteristic study of a vivacious old woman; and his picture of a Greenwich pensioner reading a newspaper, "Interesting News," is scarcely inferior to it. Both are agreeable in colour, and painted with facile dexterity and firmness. Mr. John Charlton has infused a good deal of vivacity into his picture of a young gentleman gossiping with a lady at a garden gate, "A Few Minutes To Spare." It is chiefly remarkable, however, for the admirable way in which the chestnut horse is painted. Great power of animal draughtsmanship is also shown in Mr. C. H. Poindrestre's "Threshing and Winnowing in the Roman Campagna." The rapid movement and vigorous action of the horses which, held by a rope, are trampling the freshly-cut corn, are admirably rendered. In a humorous and well-painted picture, "Possession Is Nine Points of the Law," by Mr. S. T. Dadd, two small and hungry terriers are seen looking with envy at a raven—perched on the top of a cask, is busy with a bone.

Mr. H. R. Steer, an artist hitherto little known, sends a small picture called "An Interesting Volume," showing ability in several ways. The two figures—a gentleman smoking at his ease, and a girl reading by a window—are characteristic and natural, but the picture is noteworthy less for the merit of any individual part than for its

excellent keeping as a whole, its beauty of colour, and its truthful rendering of the effect of light. The second picture by this artist, "Captain Absolute and Lydia Languish," has also fine technical qualities, but as a realisation of the subject it seems to us quite unsuccessful. An unobtrusive low-toned little picture, by Mr. C. Martin, "Half-Mourning"—apparently a portrait—deserves notice for the very artistic treatment of the drapery as well as for its beauty and completeness of modelling. Mr. Joseph Nash's "Satisfaction," showing a gentleman of the last century, who has fallen in a duel, lying in a sandy place, if not strikingly original in conception, is treated with great skill. Among many other good pictures by artists whose names are not familiar to us are Mr. G. C. Kerr's "Unloading Grain, Dover," Mr. T. Hunt's "Halesome Food," and Mr. H. Simpson's "A Flemish Housewife." Mr. G. A. Storey contributes a carefully finished little drawing of a fantastically-attired lady reading "A Fairy Tale."

Mr. J. Annonier's large picture, "A Sussex Village," is not less spacious or less beautiful in its modulations of colour than the fine work by him already noticed. We have seen no better example of Mr. T. Collier's faithful and vigorous manner of interpreting Nature than his large view of "The New Forest from Near Lymington." With little apparent labour, the aspect of a scene of great extent and full of varied matter is very forcibly rendered. Near this is a capital representation of a very picturesque subject, "The Old Guard House, Honfleur," by Mr. Arthur G. Bell, fresh in tone, and cleverly painted in the manner of the modern Dutch water-colour school. The same influence is to be seen in a charmingly luminous and truthful drawing of "Tréport," by Mr. R. W. Allan. Mr. H. G. Hine's large "Lewes from the London Road" shows his well-known skill in depicting the various modulations of form and colour in wide undulating downs; but his two smaller drawings, "Dawn" and "Evening," seem to us even more suggestive of natural effect and more harmonious in tone. Mr. Keeley Halswelle's remarkable executive dexterity, and his skill in rendering moving clouds vividly reflected in still water, are shown in two drawings, "On the Marshes, Near Southwold," and "Kilchurn Castle, Loch Awe," but the excessive blackness of the castle tower in the latter disturbs its general harmony of effect. Mr. J. Syer has a large woodland scene, with water-worn rocks in the foreground, painted in masterly style, and some smaller works of almost equal merit. Among many other excellent landscapes and marine drawings are Mr. J. H. Mole's "Barnard Castle," Mr. J. Mogford's "Sunrise at North Berwick," Mr. W. L. Wyllie's "Falmouth," Mr. C. Earle's "Bishop's Bridge, Norwich," Mr. G. S. Elgood's "Flower Garden, Penshurst," Mr. R. K. Penson's "Passing Shower," Mr. J. W. Whymper's "Shattered Veteran," Mr. C. Thornely's "Dutch Fishing Boats," and a fresh and breezy drawing, by Mr. E. Hayes, of "Vessels Leaving Port."



### II.

THE *Fortnightly Review* for May opens with a paper on "Religious Equality," in which the case of the Nonconformists as against the Church is powerfully stated:—"Russia Revisited," by the Rev. Malcolm MacColl, endeavours to show the social causes that are responsible for Nihilism. Foremost among these Mr. MacColl places the poverty to which large numbers of the nobility were reduced by the emancipation of the serfs; the discontent of the numerous sons of parish priests, who have few avenues in life open to them; and envy and jealousy on the part of subordinate officers in the army. Outside these classes the writer does not think that the Nihilistic propaganda affects the people at large.—"Europe's Stake in the Sudan," by H. Ganem, Syrian Deputy in the Ottoman Parliament 1877-8, points out the real dangers likely to arise from the movement headed by the Mahdi. Mr. Ganem does not imagine that the prophet's claims to inspiration will make the Sudanese dangerous; but the fact that he represents Moslem triumphs over Christians.—"The Lords and the Reform Bill" is interesting, as it is a proof, if any were needed, that there is great want of harmony in the Conservative camp.—A sad interest just now attaches to "Personal Recollections of Leopold, Duke of Albany," by Mr. Frederic W. H. Myers. The paper is not so much anecdotal as a general appreciation of the character of His Royal Highness by one who knew him intimately.

In the *National Review* Mr. Albert J. Mott writes on "Alcohol and Total Abstinence," and states ably his view of the impossibility of curing vice by legislation.—"A Popular German Author," by Helen Zimmern, is very well done, and is heartily eulogistic of Scheffel's work. The writer regards this poet as the most thoroughly representative of Teutonic sentiment among modern German authors.—"India: the English and the Natives," by General R. MacLagan, R.E., is a summary of the obstacles to a closer social union of races in India.

M. Eliséé Réclus contributes to the *Contemporary Review* "An Anarchist on Anarchy," a paper which is not without some confusion—or at any rate eccentricity—of thought. To satisfy his yearning for liberty, equality, and fraternity, M. Réclus would overturn the State and society. "After so much hatred," he says, "we long to love each other, and for this reason are we enemies of private property and despisers of the law." The well-to-do and the lawyers will probably regard with suspicion this longing for love.—Mr. R. H. Hutton gives us a valuable paper on "Cardinal Newman," in which he illustrates "the wonderful power with which Cardinal Newman can throw himself into the highest religious passion, and make the heart thrill with his rendering of it."—"Charles Reade," by the Rev. Compton Reade, is a very pleasant biographical sketch. It throws a light on the friendship that existed between the distinguished novelist and Mrs. Laura Seymour.

Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt in the *Nineteenth Century* gives interesting details about "The Forthcoming Arab Race at Newmarket." He has arrived at the conclusion that infusion of fresh Arab blood into English racehorses would be of advantage, and has been at some pains to enforce his view on the great patrons of the racecourse and the covert side.—Mr. Edmund Gurney and Mr. F. W. H. Myers contribute a large amount of striking evidence on "Apparitions," evidence derived from very many and various sources.—Mr. Swinburne brings to a conclusion his article on "Wordsworth and Byron."—By those who wish to know something of the problems involved in England's colonial policy, "Australia and the Imperial Connection," by Sir Henry Parkes, and "The Colonies of France," by Mr. Norman, will be found both suggestive and entertaining.

The *Scottish Review*, which has reached its sixth number, contains a somewhat dark picture of "Scotland in the Eighteenth Century: 1707."—"Mr. Swinburne's Debt to the Bible" points out the fact that, despite the poet's hostility to Christianity, he has drawn very freely in his poems on Biblical phraseology. The writer sees little to admire in Mr. Swinburne's gospel, which would "reject a noble law for a selfish, so-called liberty," and "which, at its very best, sacrifices the rest of the world to the indulgence of a dual selfishness."

In the *North American Review* is a very amusing article on

"Matthew Arnold," by Mr. Edwin P. Whipple, who gives but scant quarter to the great critic. Mr. Arnold's great sin, according to this writer, is his habit of condescending to our inferior humanity. "A compassionate contempt for other minds appears to be a necessary condition of any self-satisfaction he may find in contemplating his own. This ungracious quality, too, of his takes the form of a condescension which exasperates alike those who agree and those who disagree with him in matters of literary, political, and theological discussion."—There is a valuable paper on "A Zone of Worlds," by Mr. R. A. Proctor; and by those who care for psychological questions, Professor Osborn, on "Illusions of Memory," will be read with attention.

*Macmillan's* is unusually strong this month. We have Mr. Matthew Arnold on "Emerson," and the Warden of Keble College on "F. D. Maurice." What Mr. Arnold thinks about Emerson is pretty well known already; but the Warden of Keble's paper is more distinctly favourable to its subject than might be expected when his theological standpoint is considered.

*Manhattan* has a brightly descriptive paper on "The Gunnison Country," by Edward Ingersoll; and Brander Matthews and H. C. Bunner, in "The Seven Conversations of Dear Jones and Baby Van Rensselaer," give us some charming dialogue. The magazine is well and profusely illustrated.

Dr. Richardson, in the *Asclepiad*, supplies a scheme of building reform for London which mainly consists in constructing terraces on the tops of houses. His sketch of John Keats, entitled "An Æsculapian Poet," will be found to contain some new facts about the author of "Hyperion."—His "Observations on Mr. E. P. Weston," after his walk of 5,000 miles, will be best appreciated perhaps by doctors and scientific teetotalers.

To *Time* Mr. Montgomerie Ranking contributes a thoughtful article on "The Renaissance Influence on the English Drama." "How I Made My Practice" is an amusing story in a tone of rollicking fun. A serial, "From Union to Grange," is begun, about which just yet it is impossible to say much, either for or against. "A Strange Resurrection: An Old Salt's Yarn," by Mr. Edmund Downey, contains some very forcible verse.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* there is a good historical paper, "Romance in the Suppression of Books," by W. H. Olding, LL.B.; and Dr. C. Mackay makes much good-humoured meriment over an unlikely subject, "Oaths, Imprecations, and Anathemas."

*Le Livre* for April opens with a second and last paper on "La Caricature Allemande," by M. St. John Grand-Carteret. The writer largely confines himself to this department of Art as found at Munich, and the illustrations are excellently chosen. Megendorfer's "L'Enfant du Sergent-Major: Drame en 15 Tableaux," is full of delightful fun. The American correspondence sent by M. Henri Pène Du Bois contains an astonishing bit of information—namely, that "John Bull et Son Ile" was originally written in English by an Englishman, then translated, that it might in the first place be published in French. The literary criticism in *Le Livre* seems to be characterised by fairness and judgment.

The frontispiece in the *Art Journal* is an excellent etching, by Mr. Frederick Slocombe, of "A College Walk," in which the beautiful tower of Magdalen is seen in the near distance through the fine trees in the College Gardens. A very well-timed feature in this number are the "Crayon Studies for 'Iphigenia,'" by Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A. The letterpress which accompanies them is by Alice Meynell. Mr. Sharp writes on the "Frescoes of Sodona," and Mr. R. Heath tells us much that interests in an illustrated article on "The Works of François Rude."—The *Art Journal* has, moreover, a fine engraving, by T. Sherratt, of Staniand's painting of "Henry III. of France and the Dutch Envoys."

We have also received the second number of the *Magazine of Music*, which is largely devoted to the new Chromatic System of teaching music. One noticeable feature is, that it contains two or three new songs set for the piano.



MESSRS. SHEPHERD AND KILNER.—Quaint and original is a song written and composed by Oliver Brand and W. C. Levey, entitled "Fairies of the Bell." It is published in three keys.—A favourite poem by Mrs. Hemans, "The Zegri Maid," has been prettily set to music by G. L. Graham for a voice of medium compass.—By P. von Tugginer are a *caprice* for the pianoforte, "La Sorcière," which may lay claim to marked originality; and "Graziosa," a mazurka which at once catches the ear, and will prove a universal favourite.—Three examples of dance music, of more than average merit, by Leopold Gautier, are respectively "Chinoise Schottische," "Oui ou Non Valse," and "Petits Pieds Polka."—"Brown Eyes Polka," by W. C. Levey, is not one of that versatile composer's best efforts, by many degrees.

MESSRS. DUFF AND STEWART.—"A Dream of the Future" is a graceful song for a soprano; the poetical words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone, the music by Arthur Briscoe.—"Always Thine" is a pathetic love song of medium compass, written and composed by Edward Oxenford and Emilio Pieraccini; a violin or violoncello accompaniment adds agreeably to the effect of this clever composition.—"Mariette," a *suite de valse*, by Leonard Gautier, adds one more to the many successful examples of good dance music from his pen.

WILLIAM CZERNY.—A new setting of Adelaide A. Procter's beautiful poem, "A Lost Chord," has been attempted by Annie E. Armstrong, but not with the success which usually attends the efforts of this talented composer. She was evidently hampered with the effort to avoid treading in the footsteps of Arthur Sullivan, whose setting of these words is so charming, and has taken such a firm hold of public favour, that there is little chance of success for another composition on the same theme.—Precisely the same may be said of Longfellow's "Stars of the Summer Night," which J. B. Wekerlin seems to have made his own, for which, however, Edward Lassen has composed pleasing music, and published it in E flat and in C.—We prefer "Flowers that Never Die," words by J. S. Lyons, music by E. Lassen; the florid accompaniment to which is very elegant.—A song for domesticated and prosaic young mothers is "Saturday Night," by E. Purcell Cockram, who endeavours to throw a halo of sentiment round the washing wee faces and little black lists, a necessary but unsentimental operation.—Handel's "Romanza alla Pastorale," from the violin sonata in A, has been tastefully arranged by D. Brocca, No. I., as a Piano Solo, No. II. for Violin (or Flute) and Piano.—"Tambourin Favoris Louis XV." has been well arranged for the piano by Oscar Wagner.—"Uarda" (La Rose d'Arabie) *valse dansante pour le piano*, by P. von Tugginer, will find many admirers in the drawing as well as the ball-room.—"Chansonette de la Bouquetière," by J. B. Wekerlin, is a very telling arrangement of his popular song, "Fair Ioli," for the pianoforte (No. I.); there is also an arrangement of the same for the organ (No. II.).—"Trois Petites Esquisses," *pour le piano*, by G. Bachmann, are very charming. No. I. "Promenade," No. II. "Polonia," No. III. "Petite Chaconne." They occupy each two pages, but are little gems in their way, and full of character.



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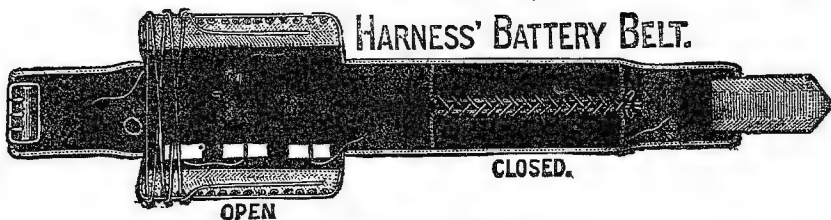
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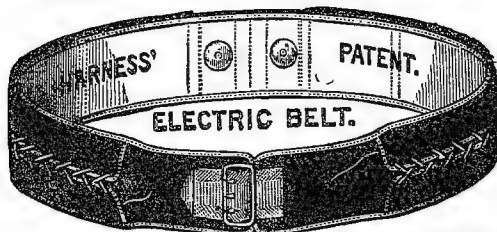
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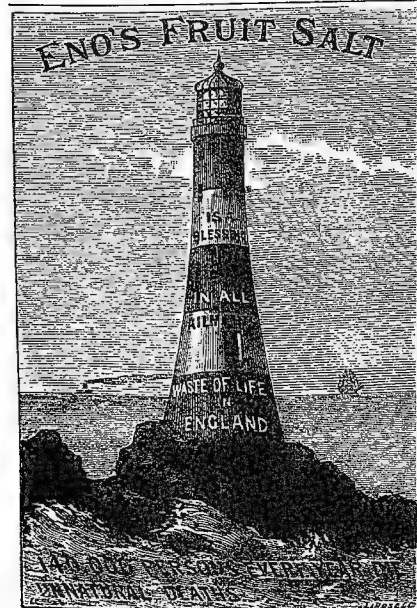
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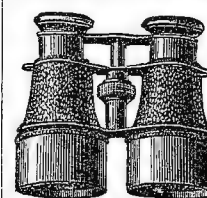
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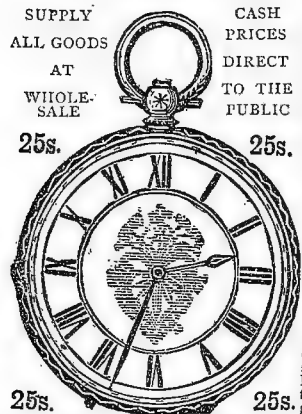
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# THE CORPORATION OF LONDON

## An Illustrated History in Three Parts—Part III.

By H. W. BREWER

### WILKES AND LIBERTY—"NO. 45"

WE HAVE IN A FORMER NUMBER alluded to the grand struggles for municipal freedom carried on by the City and its authorities in mediæval times, and we will now say a few words about a modern contest of the same kind, the last, and, perhaps, the greatest struggle for their rights and liberties waged by the Corporation and citizens of London against Royal encroachments, and the arbitrary acts of a good and virtuous King, but one who, alas, was unable, like many good men, to read the signs of the times, and take advantage of the experiences of former ages.

The unpopular Administration of Lord Bute, who had in former years acted as political tutor to George III., brought public indignation to a climax by the Treaty of Paris concluded on the 10th of February, 1763. Whether Lord Bute deserved the hatred and the intense unpopularity always associated with his name is doubtful. He was certainly a very staunch Tory, and had in his early days shown a strong sympathy with the Jacobite cause; but Warburton, who had no prejudices in Bute's favour, said of him that he "is a very unfit man to be Prime Minister of England. 'Firstly, he is a Scotchman; secondly, he is the King's friend; and, thirdly, he is an honest man!'"

At the present time it is doubtful whether Bute would have been so unpopular as he was in George III.'s days, when it is remembered that the war, or series of wars, to which the Treaty of Paris was designed to put an end, had doubled the National Debt, which had risen to the enormous sum of 132,600,000*l.* Yet so great was Bute's unpopularity that in the "Letters" of Junius his return to England after his absence gives rise to the following rather strong expressions:—"When that noxious planet approaches England he never fails to bring plague and pestilence along with him!"

Wilkes, who was the son of a wealthy distiller at Clerkenwell, and Member of Parliament for Aylesbury, was at this time publishing a magazine, which he called the *North Briton*, and in the celebrated "No. 45" he accused the Ministers of "putting a lie into the King's mouth." Probably Wilkes did not himself believe the accusation, as there can be little doubt of his thorough dishonesty. Were there any doubt upon the matter the sayings recorded of Jack Wilkes himself would serve to dispel it. Wilkes had by his extravagance and profligacy run through two fortunes; one left him by his father, and the other, which came to him through his wife. To retrieve himself, he applied to the Government for some appointment. But being flatly refused, he used these words: "Well, if they won't give me something to do, I will give them some work!" And how he kept the promise is well known. Mr. Loftie relates a conversation that Wilkes had with Madame de Pompadour, at a somewhat later period, in which the lady asked the question, "How far may an Englishman go in abuse of the Court and the Royal Family?" to which Wilkes answered, "I do not quite know; but I am trying to find out."

With an amount of folly which can scarcely be conceived, one of

\* "Letter 50."—To the Duke of Grafton.

those very obnoxious processes called "a general warrant" was issued, by which the printer of the *North Briton* was thrown into prison, and Wilkes committed to the Tower. Chief Justice Pratt, however, before whom Wilkes was brought, decided that these "general warrants" were illegal, and Wilkes was immediately acquitted. No. 45 of the *North Briton* was ordered to be publicly



JOHN WILKES (AFTER HOGARTH)

burnt, but when the Sheriffs attempted to execute the order a violent riot broke out, the numbers of the paper were rescued, and in derision of Lord Bute and his supposed influence with the Princess of Wales, a jack-boot and a petticoat were burnt upon a bonfire. Wilkes was subsequently elected member for Middlesex, and although he was refused a seat in the House of Commons his

constituents re-elected him; he was declared an outlaw and fined 1,000*l.*, but twenty times the amount was at once subscribed, and "Wilkes' Head" became the favourite signboard over shops, upon which an old lady was heard to observe, "He swings everywhere but where he ought!"

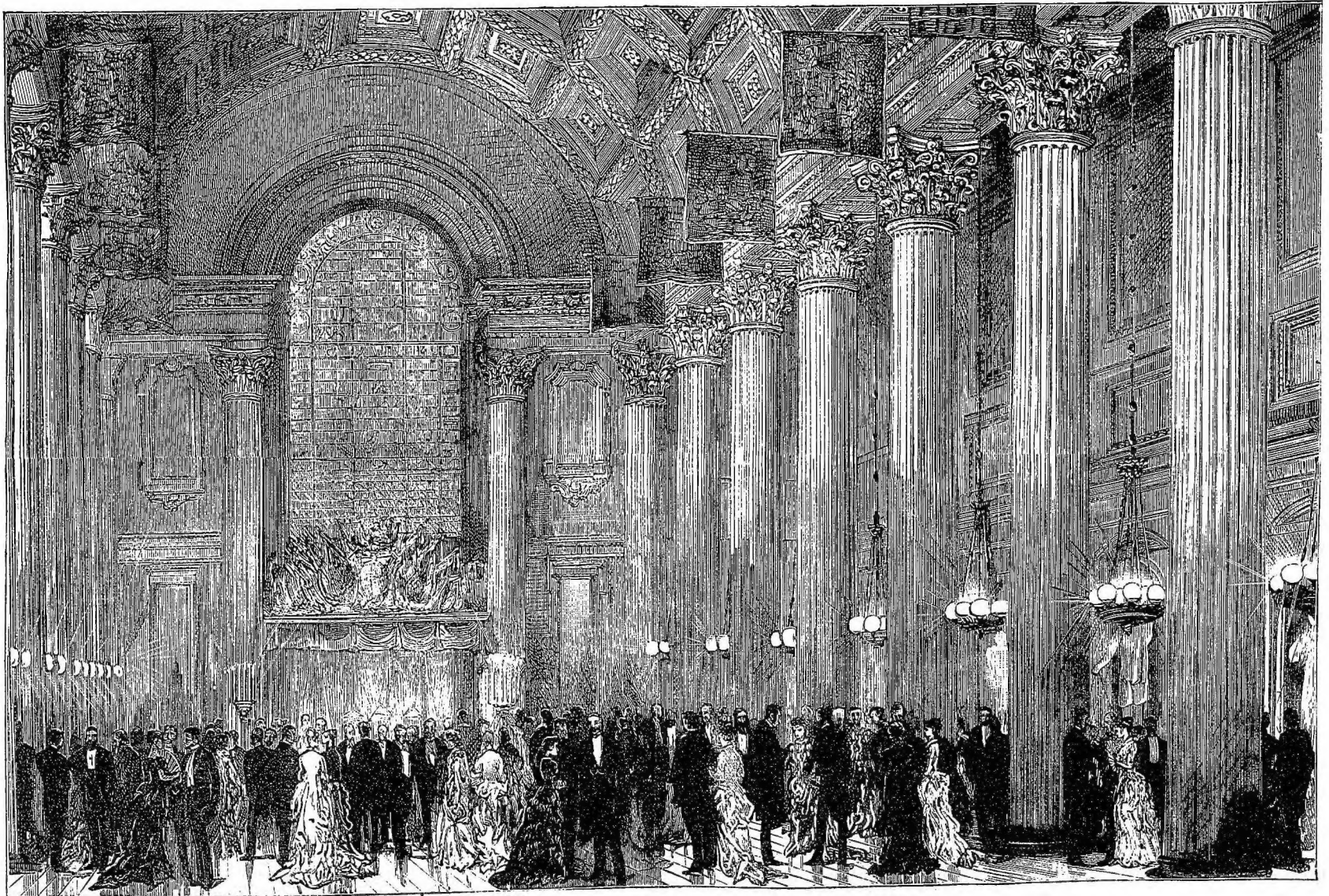
In 1769 Wilkes was elected Alderman for the Ward of Farringdon Without, and Alderman Beckford was Lord Mayor. As the House of Commons still not only refused Wilkes his seat, but positively inducted his defeated opponent, Beckford undertook to present a remonstrance to the King upon the subject. Although a somewhat grandiloquent passage from this speech has been engraved upon Beckford's monument in the Guildhall, it is doubtful whether he ever uttered it. The remonstrance simply made the King and his Ministers more obstinate. Shortly afterwards, however, the Government brought itself into direct antagonism with the Corporation by a foolish attempt to arrest a printer who had published some reports of the proceedings in the House of Commons, the "informer" brought the printer before the presiding magistrate, who happened to be no other than John Wilkes. He immediately released the printer, and, acting with the assistance of the Lord Mayor, Brass Crosby, and Alderman Oliver (whose cup we have previously illustrated), committed the messenger to prison, without bail!

Wilkes was elected Lord Mayor in 1775, and probably led the City in its opposition to the fratricidal war in North America. Notwithstanding his want of character Wilkes appears to have made an excellent Lord Mayor, and his strong Liberalism did not lead him to drop one jot or tittle of the dignity or ceremonial of the office—in fact, the old plate at the Mansion House was all refurbished up, and came out smart and shining in its new gilding and burnishing.

That Wilkes should have been a very popular Lord Mayor is only natural. All his contemporaries represent him as possessing the most charming manner, and, as a host, he was unrivalled. The way in which he won the heart of Dr. Johnson, by helping him to veal, has been told over and over again, and Lord Mansfield, who could certainly have had little sympathy with Wilkes, said of him that he was "The pleasantest companion, the politest gentleman, and the best scholar he ever met." Wilkes, as his portrait by Hogarth certainly suggests, was a singularly hideous man, with a frightful squint, yet he boasted, and not without some truth, that he would give the best-looking man in London a quarter of an hour's start, and beat him in ingratiating himself in the favour of any member of the fair sex!

Whatever may have been Wilkes' faults, want of courage was certainly not amongst them, and he had no idea of allowing mob dictation when it was not to his own advantage. Had all the City authorities acted as promptly and courageously as he did, the Gordon riots would soon have been suppressed. Wilkes was seen every where rushing about amongst the mob, endeavouring by persuasion or by threats to put an end to the disturbance, and protecting the entrance to the Bank of England with a drawn sword. He personally arrested several of the ringleaders, and it is highly probable that the courage and determination he then

\* Loftie's "History of London," Vol. II., p. 426.



THE EGYPTIAN HALL, MANSION HOUSE



displayed may have reconciled him to the King. In reading the history of the questions at issue between the King and Wilkes one cannot help being struck with the fact that a good man who allows himself to be guided by obstinacy and self-reliance may do an infinity of mischief, and an unprincipled man who has the wisdom to read the signs of his time may become a genuine benefactor to posterity.

#### THE MANSION HOUSE

THE present residence of the Lord Mayor has no great historical interest attached to it, as the first stone of the edifice was only laid in the year 1739. The architect was George Dance, and the total cost 71,000*l*. It formerly possessed an upper story for bedrooms, &c., which went by the name of the "Mare's Nest!" a shocking pun, and only respectable on account of its antiquity. The exterior and the fine portico are constructed of brown Portland stone.

Several of the rooms in the Mansion House are exceedingly handsome, with excellent paneling, carved chimney-pieces, cornices, and elaborately modelled plaster ceilings. The so-called "Egyptian Hall" is a noble apartment, divided like a church into a nave and aisles by two rows of Corinthian columns, which would have a very fine effect if the bases had only been raised upon plinths. At present they look rather as if they had sunk some three or four feet into the floor. The room is seen to its best when arranged for a ball, for which it is admirably suited.

#### PLATE AT THE MANSION HOUSE

AMONGST other objects, there is a very singular salt-cellar, represented in the foreground of our illustration. It is of silver gilt, and bears the following inscription:—"Thomas Carbonel gives this salt to Wm. Dormer, Esq., the present Sword Bearer, and his successors for their use at their table at the Lord Mayors, 1741." Probably the vessel in question is of a considerably earlier date. The three great basins and ewers of elegant design are used for the rose-water handed round after the great feasts. They probably date from about the reign of Charles II. They were regilt by Wilkes, but had been previously repaired, which work is recorded by an inscription in peculiar English. It is as follows:—"These three basins and ewers was repaired in y<sup>e</sup> year 1721." There is a very large epergne, no longer in use, with branches which can be fitted on or removed at will, and a splendid dinner-service of the fluted pattern, so popular in Queen Anne's days, and again coming into fashion. Our space will not permit us to describe the costly modern plate at the Mansion House.

#### THE HALLS OF THE CITY COMPANIES,

WHICH form such important architectural features in connection with the history of the City, have been singularly unfortunate from an antiquarian point of view, inasmuch as not one single ancient building of the class has escaped the ravages of the Great Fire, or the scarcely less disastrous destruction of modern improvements. The last of the old halls, which existed until some six years ago, was that of the Carpenters' Company. It had been very much modernised, and suffered greatly from neglect, but the principals, wall-plates, and carved corbels of Henry VI.'s time were still to be seen, though in curious combination with a magnificent plaster ceiling by Wren. Upon some panels attached to the walls of the building were a series of medieval paintings in *tempera*, which we believe have been preserved.

Of the modern halls that of the Goldsmiths' Company is, perhaps, the handsomest. It was erected from the designs of P. Hardwick, R.A., and possesses a splendid staircase, adorned with marbles of various kinds, and a banquetting room of noble proportions.

delivered by eminent professors in the various branches of science, and all fittings and arrangements are upon the most improved plan. The electrician's laboratory, of which we give an illustration, deserves special notice.

The large handsome building just completed at South Kensington, from the designs of Mr. Edward Waterhouse, A.R.A., is a very noble undertaking. It is intended for giving instruction upon the same subjects as the Finsbury institution, but of a more advanced character. The interior of this great building is at present unfinished.

The illustration of a meeting of the Common Council which we gave in a former number of this Supplement will be rendered intelligible to our readers by our remarks upon the present condition of the Corporation, and as we take it for granted that none of our readers will ever be "had up"

#### BEFORE THE LORD MAYOR

We will leave this subject to tell its own story.

#### PRESENT CONDITION OF THE CORPORATION OF LONDON AND SOME OF ITS RECENT ACTS

We have in our sketches of the origin of the London Corporation shown how that body came into existence, and how the Lord Mayor obtained his authority, power, and privileges. That these are very extensive may be inferred from the fact that he is not only the

King's representative in the civil government of the City, but also First Commissioner of the Lieutenancy; Perpetual Coroner and Escheator within the City and Liberties of London and the Borough of Southwark; Chief Justice of Oyer and Terminer and Gaol Delivery of Newgate; Judge of the Court of Wardmote at the Election of Aldermen; and Chief Butler to the King or Queen at their Coronation.\* No Corporation business is valid without his authority. The Lord Mayor also enjoys the title of Right Honourable, which was probably granted by Edward III. He is elected, on the 29th of September, by the Liverymen or Freemen of the City Companies, who select two of the senior Aldermen. These are presented to the Court of the Mayor and Aldermen, who declare in favour of the one they desire to elect. Generally it is the senior (not in point of years, but with regard to his election as Alderman). The Lord Mayor enters upon his year of office upon the 9th of November. The Sheriffs and Aldermen attend him in their coaches to the Guildhall, in order to escort him to Westminster.† They used formerly to go by water, embarking in a series of magnificent barges at Blackfriars Bridge. The object of the Lord Mayor's going to Westminster was to receive the sanction of the King to the appointment. It was, however, found to be so inconvenient having to go after the King, wherever he might happen to be, that a Charter was obtained permitting the presentation to be made to the Barons of the Exchequer instead of the King.

In very early times the Mayor was elected by a general assembly of the citizens in St. Paul's Churchyard, but as this led to great confusion, and often to riot and bloodshed, an Act was passed in 1475 which vested the election of the Mayor and Sheriffs in the Aldermen, Common Councillors, Master Wardens, and Liverymen of the City Companies. The City is governed by the Lord Mayor, the Aldermen, and Court of Common Council, and the Court of Common Hall. It is divided into twenty-six Wards, which are

\* Maitland's "History of London."  
† Now to the New Law Courts.



OLD PLATE AT THE MANSION HOUSE

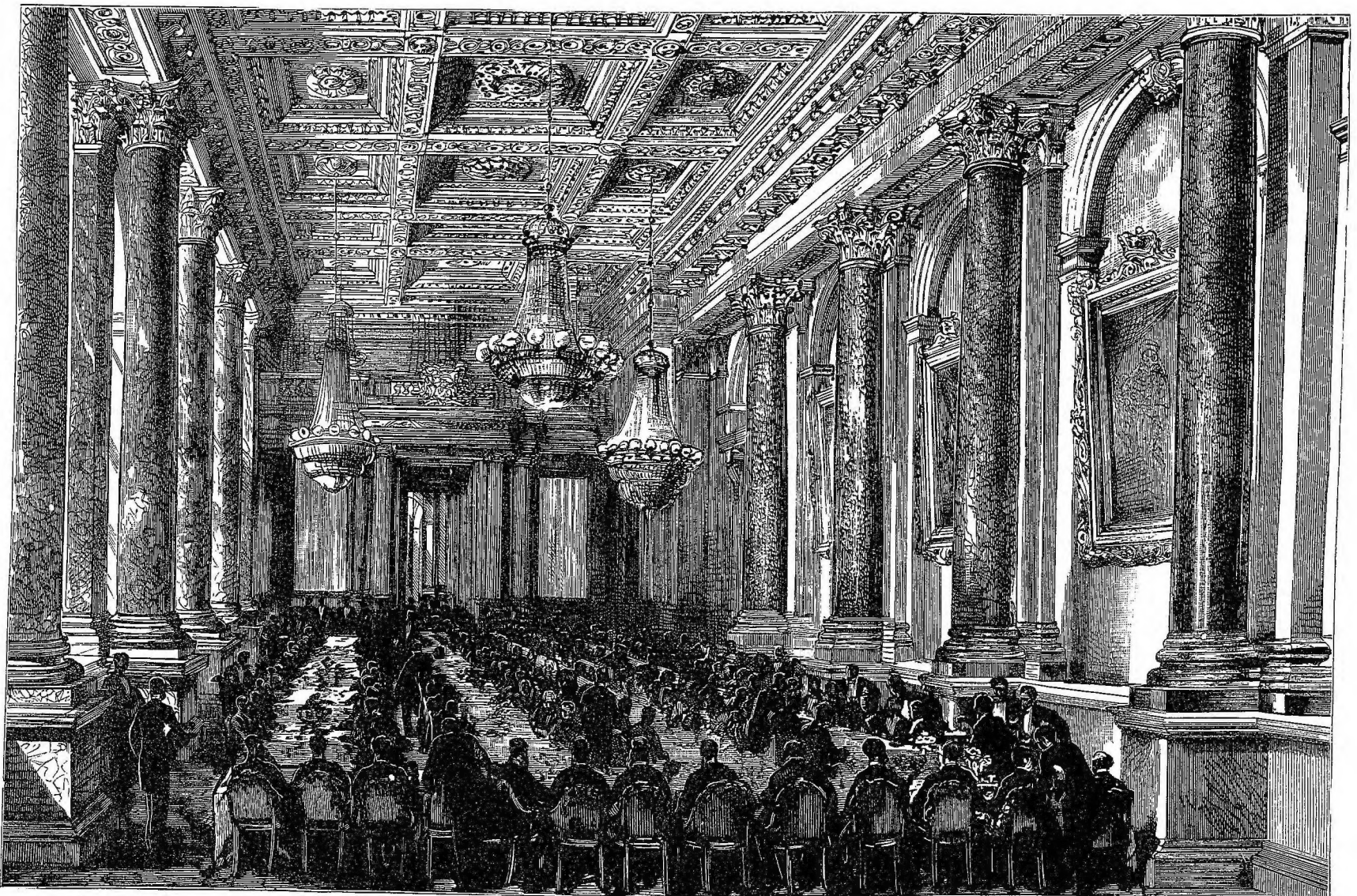
#### THE TECHNICAL SCHOOLS

THE City and Guilds of London Technical College, Cowper Street, Finsbury, opened about twelve months ago, is intended to



LORD MAYOR BECKFORD

give instructions in chemistry, electricity, physics, and mechanics of an elementary character. As the fees are very small, both day and evening classes are well attended by artisans. The lectures are



INTERIOR OF GOLDSMITHS' HALL



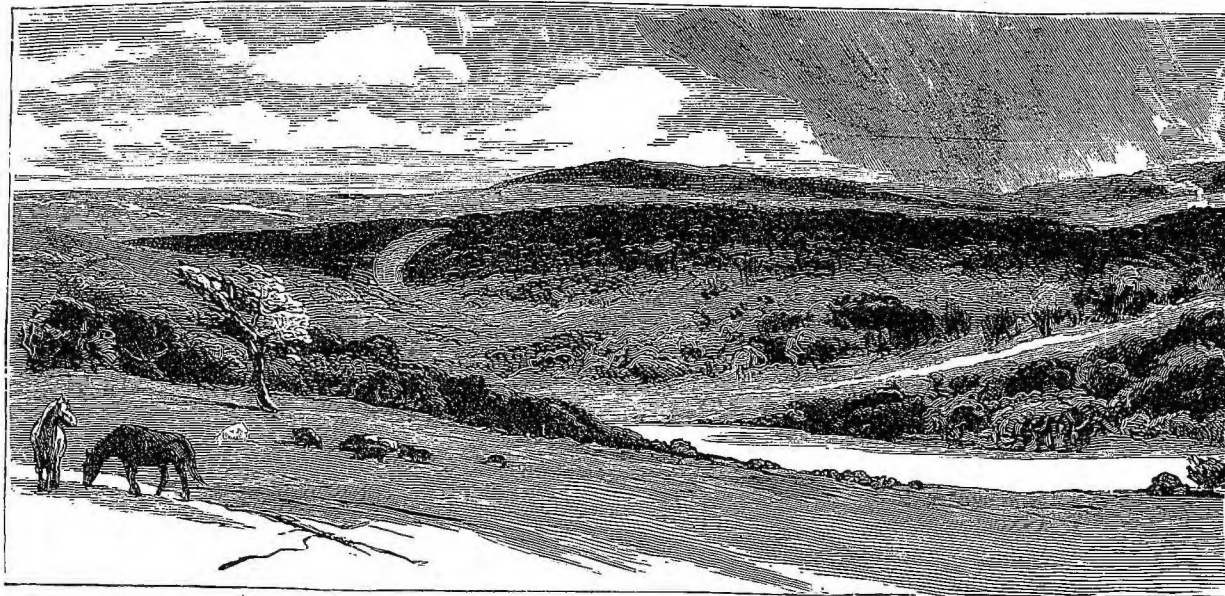
represented by Aldermen, and return a certain number of Common Councilmen. The Common Council is elected annually, but the Aldermen for life. The right of voting for Aldermen is vested in those freemen who are resident householders. The Lord Mayor presides at the election of an Aldermen, and if a poll be demanded, it is kept open for three days.\*

Those Aldermen who have been Lord Mayors are Justices of the Quorum, and all the other Aldermen are Justices of the Peace within the City. The Aldermen are subordinate governors of their respective wards under the jurisdiction of the Lord Mayor, and

Common Council at any stage of its sittings, and he may, by withdrawing from the Council Chamber, render the proceedings informal.

The Court of Common Council has the management of all the finances of the Corporation and the City lands. These matters are managed by various committees deputed for the purpose. It also controls the City Police. It has often been a matter of wonder that this elaborate and certainly admirably arranged form of municipal government should still confine itself to the area over which it ruled four centuries back, and should not have extended its authority over other portions of the metropolis. Thus, whilst

Those who are old enough to remember "Smiffle," as it was familiarly called by Cockneys, will never forget the cruelties and horrors of the place, the fearful tortures to which the unfortunate beasts were subjected, the difficulties of driving whole herds of oxen through the narrow streets of the City, mixed up amongst omnibuses and waggons, and often so terrified that, to escape from the hubbub and roar of the streets and the persecution of their drovers, they occasionally bolted through shop windows. Not unfrequently they were absolutely driven mad, and mischievous young blackguards, thieves, and pickpockets used to raise the



LEPPING FOREST—VIEW FROM HIGH BEECH

they exercise an executive power within their own districts. The Alderman of the ward holds the Wardmote or meeting of the electors of the ward for the election of the Common Councilmen. As Maitland observes, the government of the City very much resembles the Government of the country, for as there are in the one the Sovereign, the Lords, and the Commons, in the other there are the Lord Mayor, the Aldermen, and the Common Councilmen. The Court of Aldermen has executive and judicial authority; the Court of Common Council both legislative and administrative authority. The "Court of Common Hall" is composed of four Aldermen and the "Liverymen" of the City Guilds, and nominates yearly two Aldermen for the Court of Aldermen to select one for the office of Lord Mayor. The Lord Mayor is not, therefore, chosen directly by the electors.† The peculiarity seems to be that the wards vary so very much in size, some of them having been almost entirely absorbed by railway stations and other local improvements, that it is quite possible that a numerical minority of the electors may carry the election of the Lord Mayor. It is not improbable that in course of time the various alterations and improvements in the City may destroy some wards, and render others so far more important that some kind of readjustment may become absolutely necessary.

The Lord Mayor has the power of dissolving the Court of

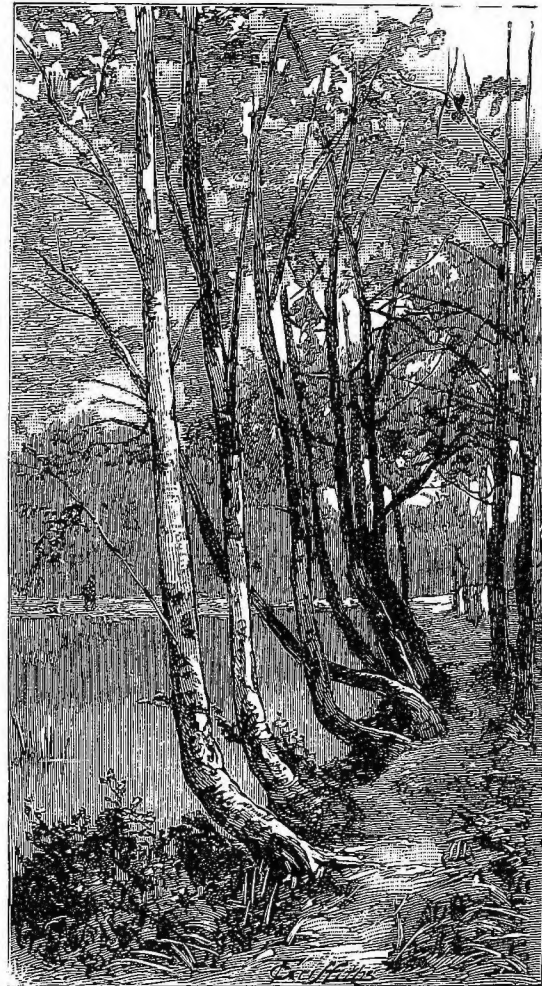
\* Leigh's "New Picture of London."

† "The City." By William Gilbert.

the whole metropolis covers an area of some 80,000 acres, the City proper only occupies 702 acres,\* and it is to this small area, together with the borough of Southwark and the Ward of Farringdon Without, that this elaborate form of government is confined. The Corporation must not, however, be blamed for this. It arises out of certain peculiarities connected with the tenure of the manors which were formerly suburban, but have now become portions of the metropolis. These were almost entirely Church lands, and many of them to the present day remain the property of the Chapters of St. Paul and Westminster; others, which were formerly Church lands, have come into the possession of the nobility; and there can be no doubt that there would be great difficulties in the way of their being brought within the jurisdiction of the Corporation.

During the last thirty years the improvements in the City carried out under the authority of the Corporation are so extensive that it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the City has been rebuilt in our own day. The curious old narrow winding streets lined with plain brick houses have given place to such streets as Queen Victoria Street and New Cannon Street. Holborn Viaduct has been constructed to avoid the dangerous dip between the two hills; Farringdon Street has been rebuilt, and magnificent covered markets erected upon the site of what used to be a disgrace to our civilisation, Smithfield.

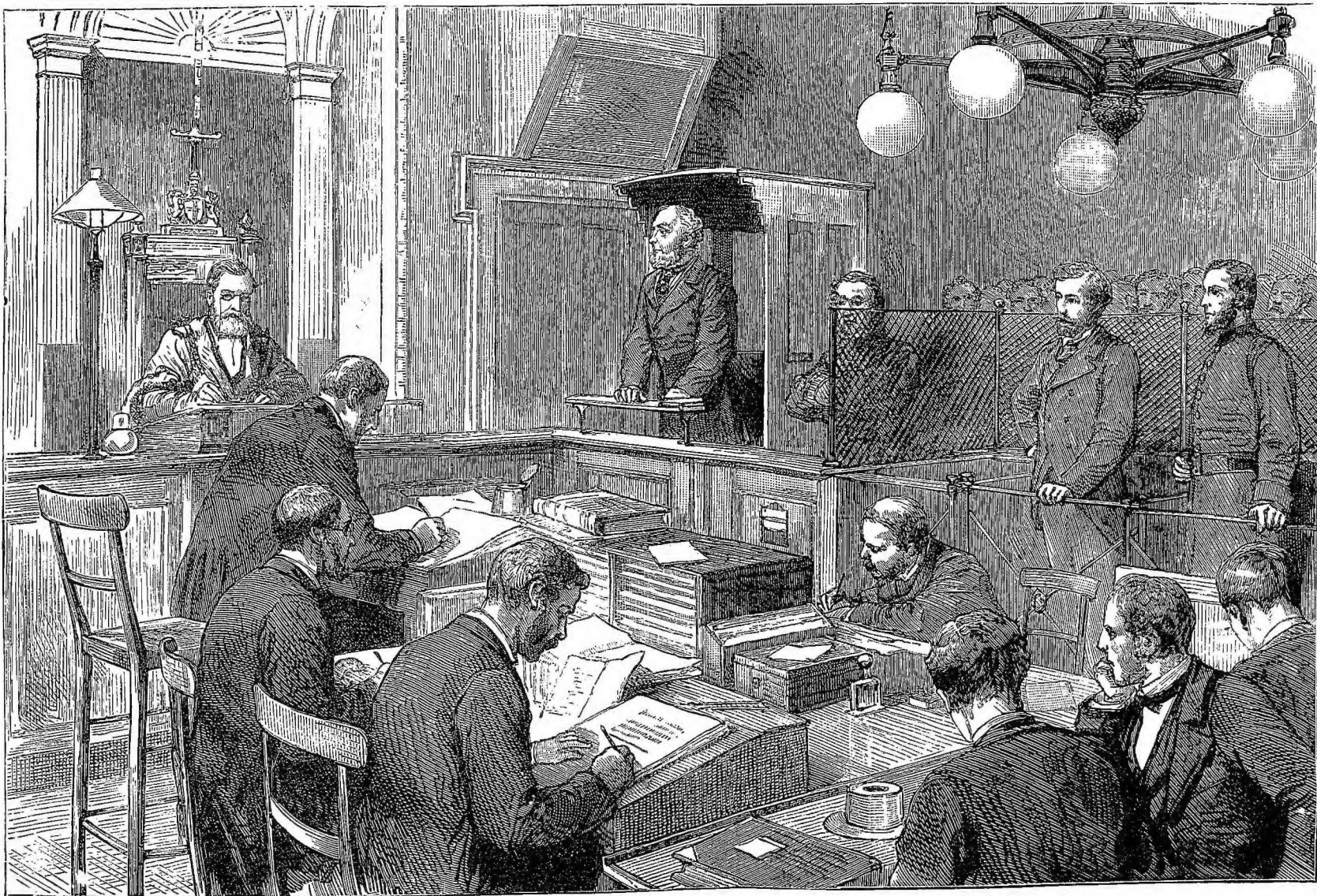
\* Gilbert.



BURNHAM BEECHES—AVENUE OF BEECHES, MIDDLE POND

cry of "Mad Bull," in order to profit by the alarm caused to carry on their nefarious profession.

The magnificent and commodious markets for meat, fish, vegetables are improvements of which the Corporation may well be proud, and the great Cattle Market removed to "New Smithfield" is a splendid work. Unfortunately, as is always the case, no



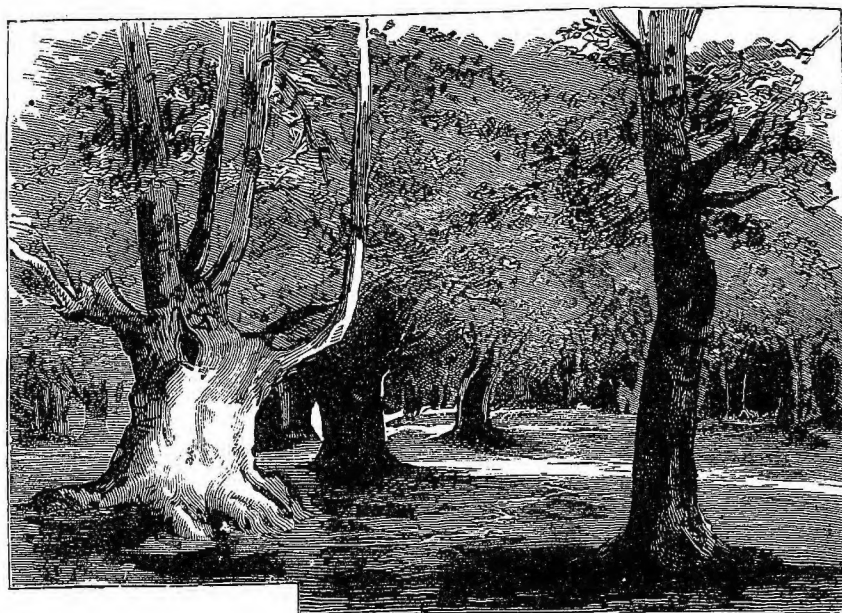
BEFORE THE LORD MAYOR



improvement is an unmixed good, and the sufferings of the poor who have been driven from their miserable courts and alleys have undoubtedly been great, as they have been forced into the already overcrowded haunts at the north, south, and east of the City. We cannot help thinking that the almost universal exodus of residents from the City and the adjacent parts of Southwark is a mistake, and we unhesitatingly condemn the practice of rating houses which are used as offices at a lower valuation than dwelling-houses. This drives thousands of the poorer class of clerks and office-keepers, and poor but highly respectable families, out of the City, who but for it might live in the upper chambers of offices which are now often unlet year after year. Let any one walk down Southwark Street and count the number of upper storeys to let in the offices. The fact is that the City is overdone with office buildings, and really requires to be rehoused. Yet so arbitrary is the law in the City regulating "inhabited house duty," that a City clergyman writes to us to say that in his parish a poor woman who made her living as caretaker of an office was turned out and lost her employment because "she had more than one child living with her!" The sooner absurd regulations of this kind are put an end to the better. Another point to which we must call attention is the habit of leaving "sites" in the City unoccupied and unbuilt over, year after year. We know one plot of ground, a very little way from London Bridge, which was "to be let upon building leases" thirty-five years ago, and it is still in the same condition. Within a hundred yards of the General Post Office there are a number of good brick houses which are falling into ruin—windows broken, doors smashed, and roofs falling in. They have been in this condition for some years. Such waste as this ought not to be allowed. Then again, why has not the Embankment been utilised for public buildings, which would have saved the turning out of hundreds of families, and have placed our public buildings in good situations, instead of having them buried in narrow streets? In calling attention to these lost opportunities, let it not be thought that we wish in any way to overlook the many benefits which the Corporation has bestowed upon the metropolis. The purchase for purposes of public recreation of Epping Forest,

that we regard the present Bill before Parliament. Of course, we may be quite wrong about it. It is possible that it may be the means of giving renewed life and energy to the Corporation, that it may sweep away dust and cobwebs, and set the whole machinery in motion, so that all may work merrily for the future with renewed life and revived activity, but questions do arise in our minds which we should like to have answered. To use the expression which Dickens has put into the mouth of Magwitch, "Might a mere warmint ask the question, Why abolish the office of Alderman?" It is an office which appears to have worked well—it serves as a stepping-stone to the Mayoralty, it prepares men for that highly-important post, and, from the way in which a man discharges his duties as Alderman of his ward, one can foretell his fitness for the higher offices of Sheriff or Lord Mayor. According to the new Bill, no such preparation will exist; there will be absolutely no means of judging as to a man's fitness for his office except popular clamour. A man need not even belong to the City, in fact, if the Bill is passed in its present form, it is highly probable that the claimant to the Tichborne estates and title may figure amongst the Lord Mayors of the future! Then there is another question which will certainly come home to most of those whom it is proposed to benefit by the new Corporation, and that is, Where is the money to come from to support this vast machinery—this colossal municipal institution? Let it be remem-

bered that money never changes hands without some of it falling to the ground, and, when Corporations are suppressed, their money seems literally "to perish with them!" What, for instance, became of the money and treasure of the religious corporations of this country when they were suppressed in the 16th



BURNHAM BEECHES—"THE PLAIN," THE CENTRE OF THE WOOD



NEW TECHNICAL SCHOOL, SOUTH KENSINGTON

Wanstead Park, West Ham Park, Burnham Beeches, Coudon and Kenley Commons, are immense boons to the public, and certainly ought to be gratefully received. Yet it is not a little strange that if one visits any of these beautiful rural retreats on a Sunday evening in summer, one is certain to hear some fierce demagogue condemning the Corporation, and descanting upon their supposed misdeeds, forgetful of the fact that but for the Corporation he would have to address his auditors in some dusty road or close alley, instead of being comfortably perched upon the stump of some old oak, or taking his ease, like Tityrus, "recubans sub tegmine fagi." Upon a visit to Epping Forest last summer for the purpose of discovering what was the real grievance which these malcontents had to bring against the Corporation, the great and most terrible charge against that body appeared to be that they were a "holly garkey," and to a very inflammatory address a kind of chorus was kept up by the auditors of "Down with the holly garks!" The addresses of these political orators might be passed over with the contempt they deserve, but for the fact that they are echoed in higher quarters. It is pretended, by those who ought to know better, that they represent the voice of the metropolis; and this brings us to the important question of the

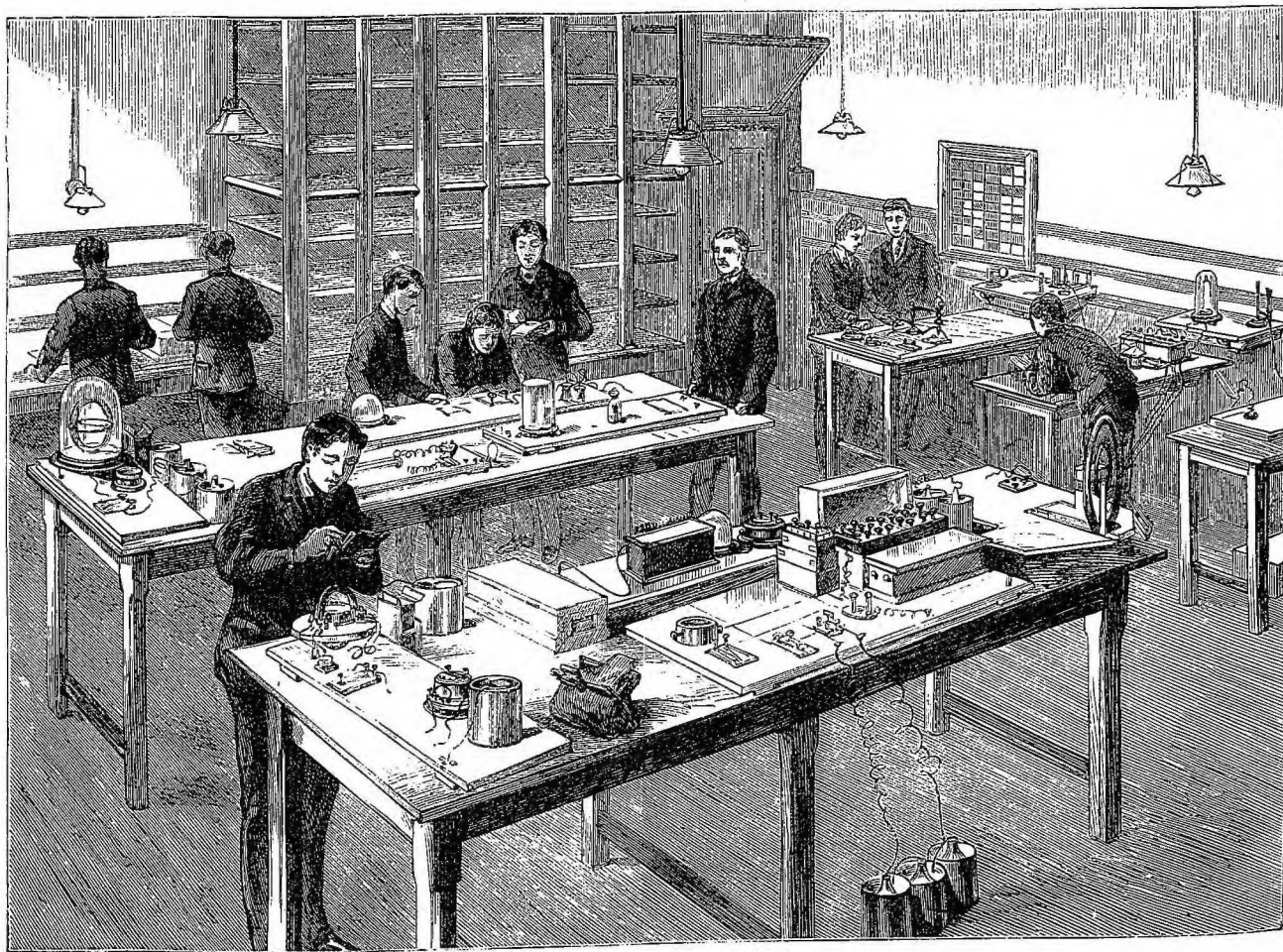
#### REFORM OF THE LONDON CORPORATION

WHEN the antiquity of the London Corporation is taken into consideration it is in no way remarkable that it should require some kind of rearrangement or readjustment, but as mere outsiders, who are not in the habit of entering into political matters, it does seem to us that whatever is effected in the way of reform should never be allowed to obliterate the old lines sketched out by our forefathers—that nothing should be done which would remove their landmarks. The Corporation seems to us like some weather-stained old building which is none the worse for having existed for ages—which, though out of repair, shows no signs of ruin; and we tremble when such an edifice gets into the hands of a modern restoring architect, though, at the same time, we feel quite satisfied that it requires doing up and repairing, we trust, however, that the operation may be carried out without obliterating the marks of its antiquity. So with the Corporation. When we hear that any scheme is in preparation for reforming it, we feel a suspicion that the so-called "reform" really means destruction; and we confess that it is with misgivings of this kind

century? We know that the people at large profited absolutely nothing. We know that the confiscation did not go to establish colleges and schools, we know that the King and the Government of the country were so poor that it had to be followed by other acts of spoliation. Of course it is impossible to trace absolute money in the shape of coin, but we may at least ask this: What became of the enormous treasure in the way of plate and jewellery? This could be traced if it still existed. Well, after three centuries, how much of it exists? How many of these costly and magnificent articles are to be traced? Why, just thirteen different pieces! Now this is a nice example of the way in which the property of Corporations disappears. If we look at France or Italy we shall find the same state of things. We cannot help fearing that when the funds of the Corporation are handed over to the new Municipal body we shall hear of vast sums spent in the forms of "Legal Expenses," "Indemnifications," "Inquiries," &c., &c., to say nothing of the amounts squandered in the experiments of a brand-new Corporation without experience or practical knowledge of government.

Then, again, we would ask, Why were not the City authorities consulted about the matter! Why are they to be legislated off from the face of the earth (the Aldermen especially) without being heard in their own defence? Why are the Vestries to be swept away without a hearing? Could not some kind of Committee have been appointed to confer with the City authorities and the citizens generally with the view of arriving at some common line of action? As things are now, we have a proposal which is unanimously opposed by the Corporation and the City; while the very people whom it is supposed so greatly to benefit, that is, the Londoners who are without the City boundaries, are thoroughly divided in their views as to whether it will be any advantage to them!

Of course it is very possible that judicious amendments and alterations may render the present Bill before Parliament a very excellent measure, and one which, while it in no way effaces or destroys our ancient Municipal institutions, may expand, give greater vitality, and a grand future to the London Corporation.



TECHNICAL SCHOOL AT FINSBURY